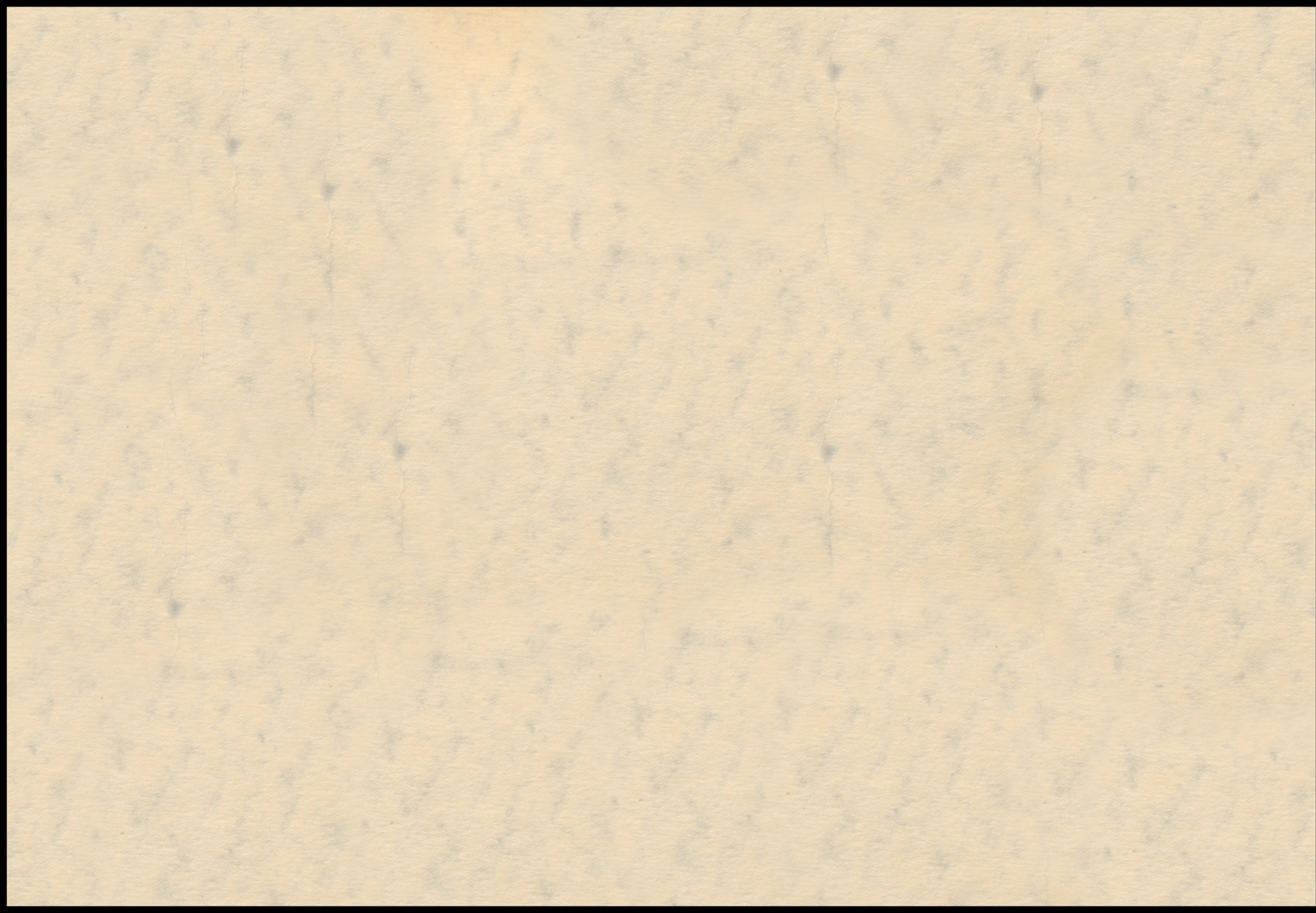
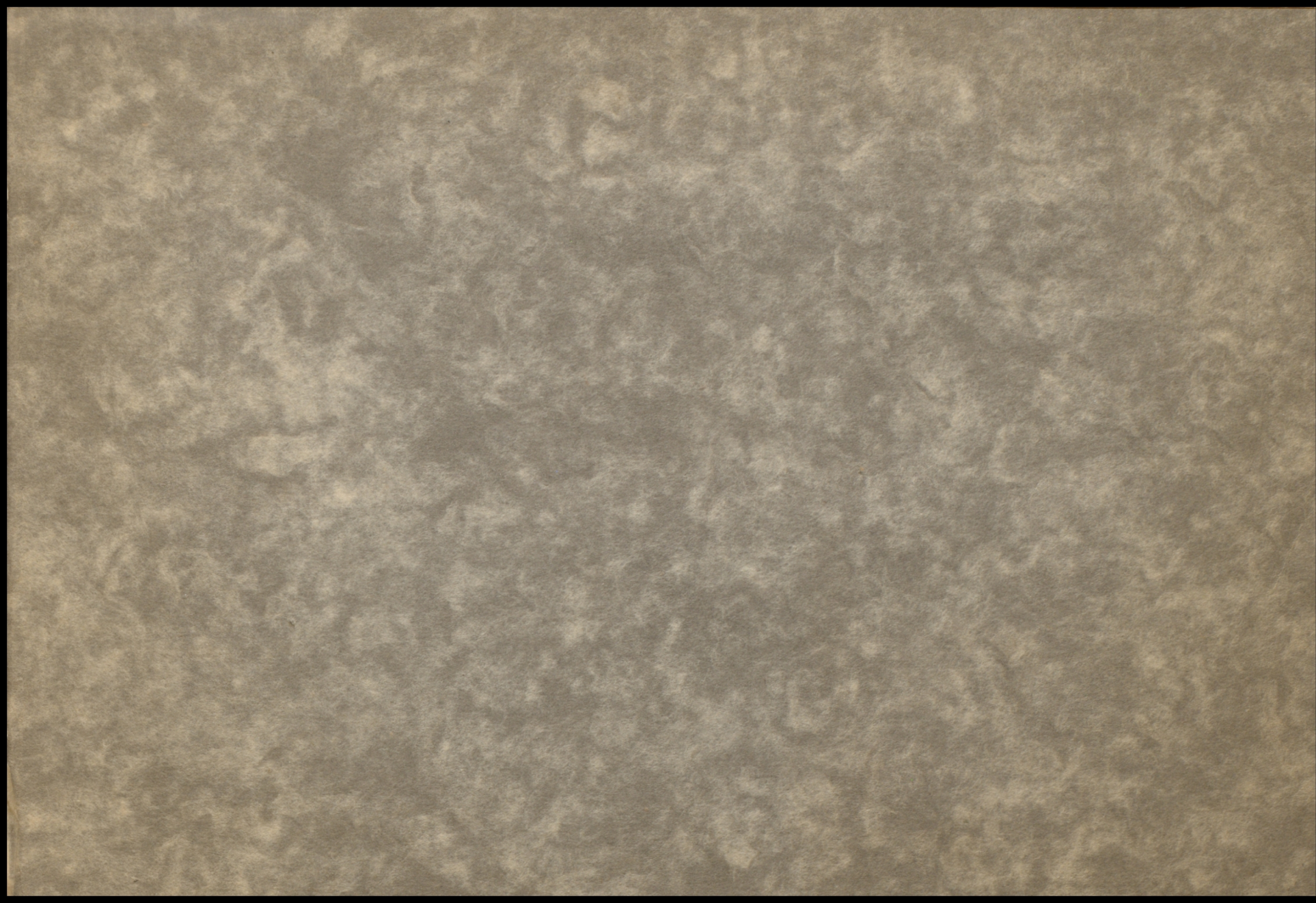
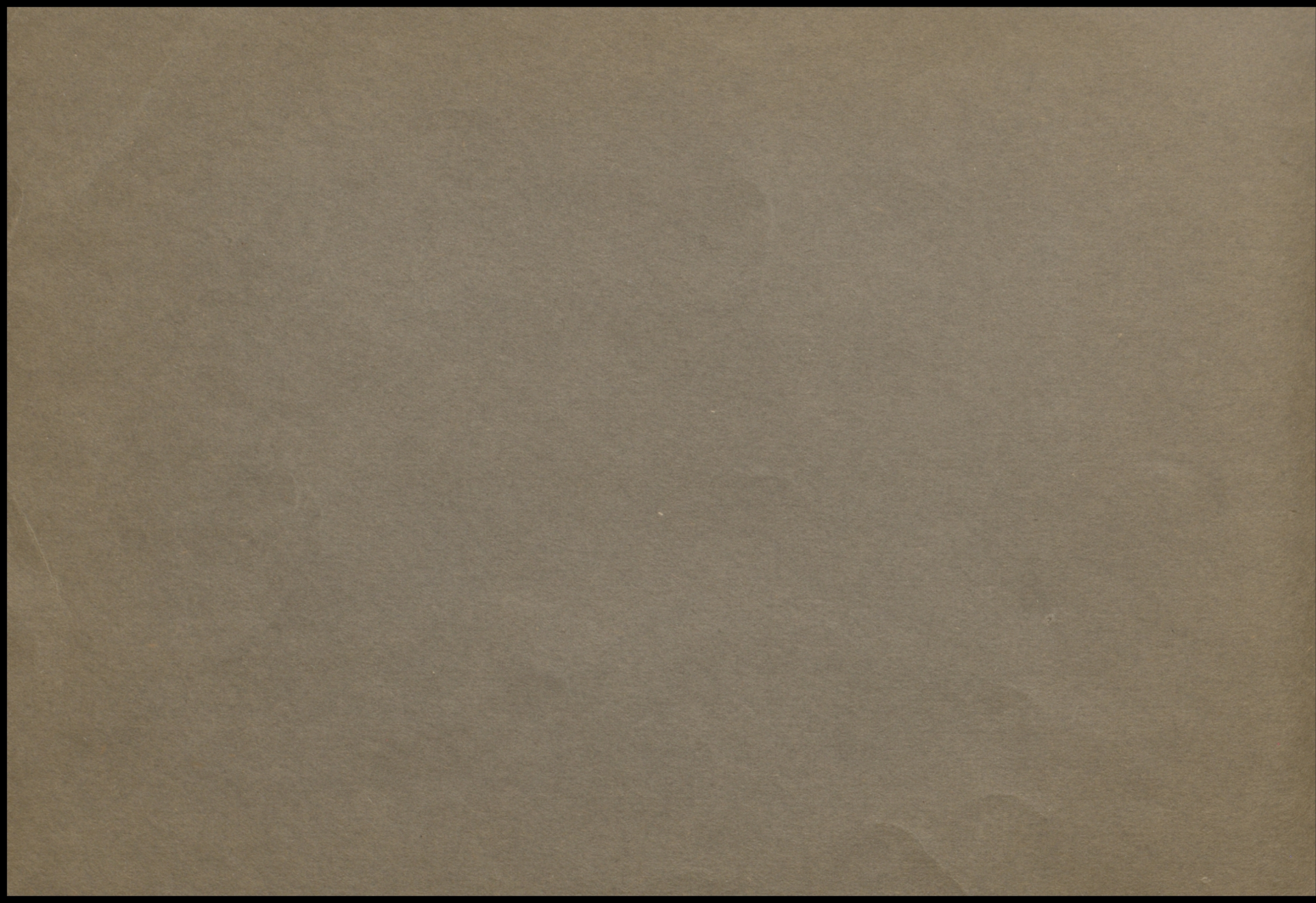
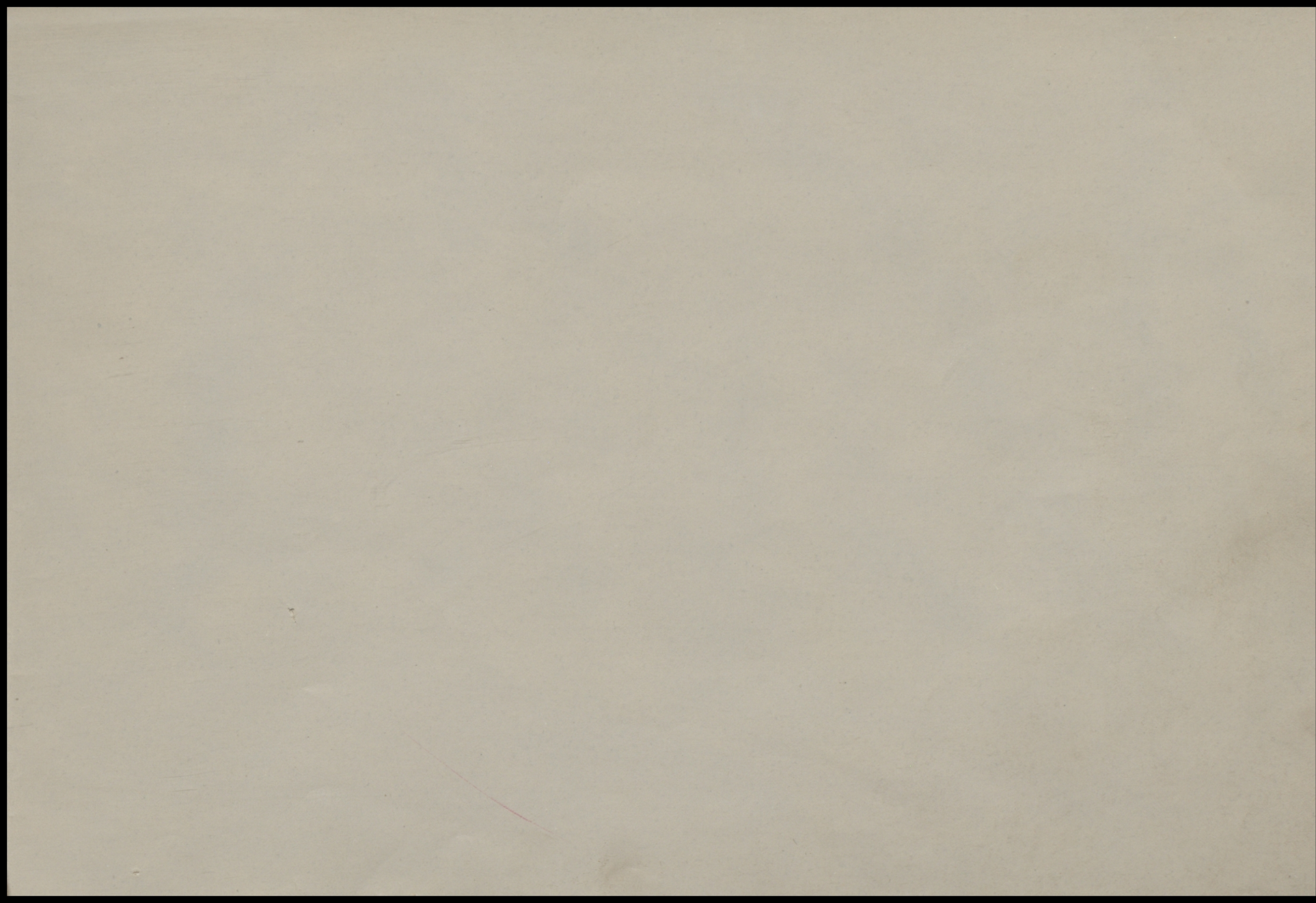


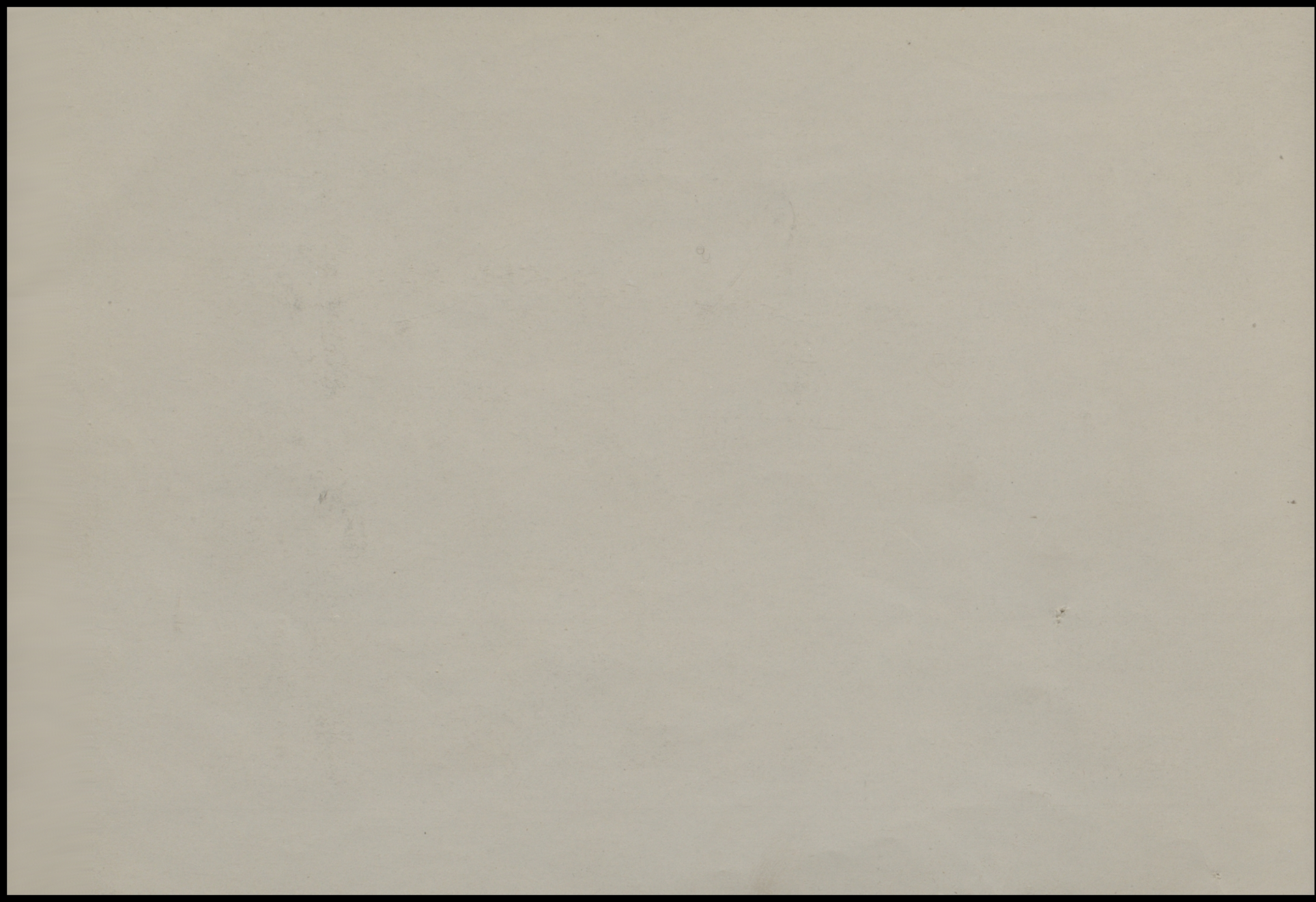
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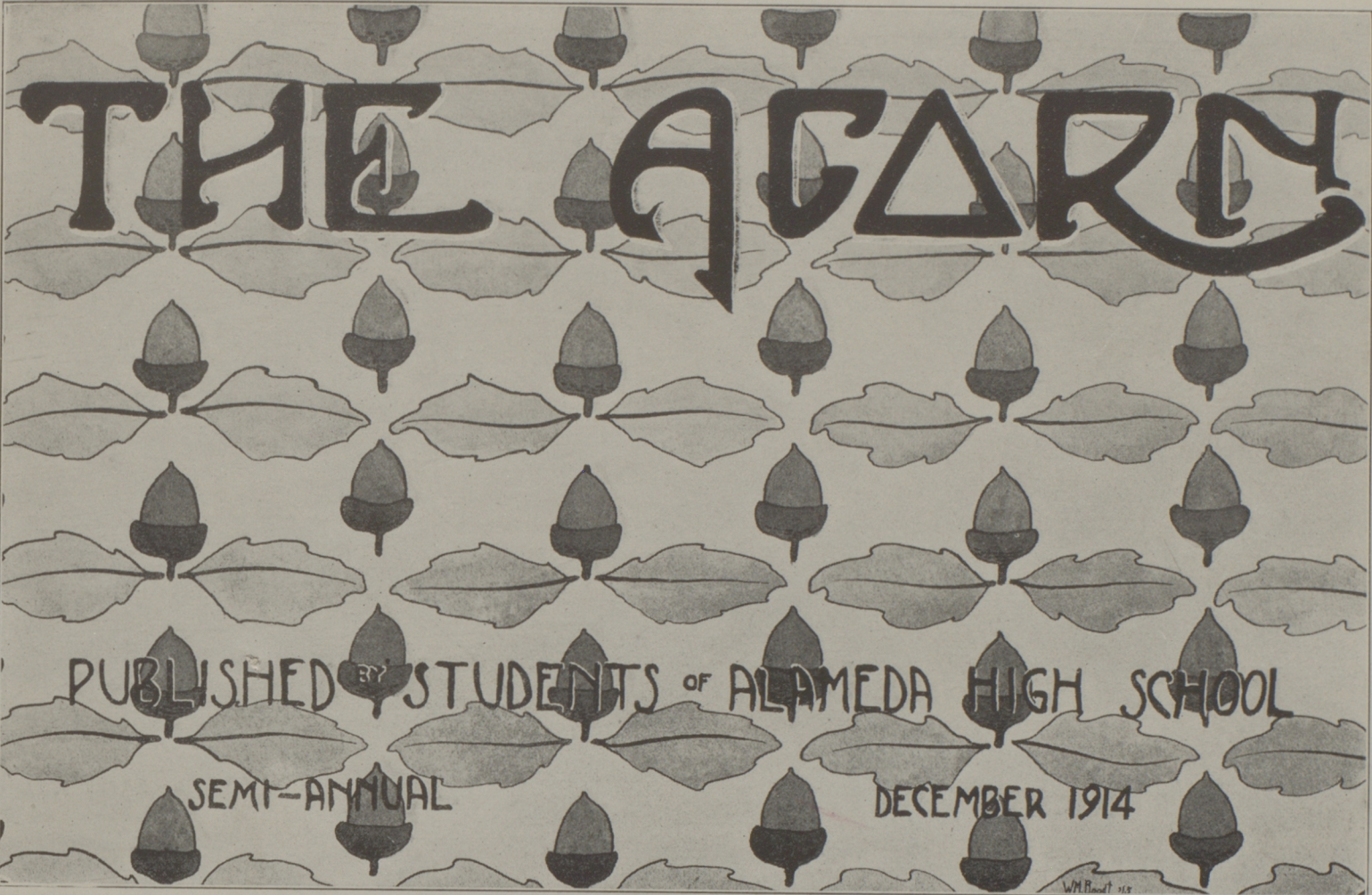










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THE ACORN

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

SEMI-ANNUAL

DECEMBER 1914



DR. GEORGE C. THOMPSON

TO OUR PRINCIPAL
Dr. George C. Thompson
AND TO THE FACULTY
WE, THE STUDENTS
OF THE
ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE
THIS ISSUE OF THE
ACORN

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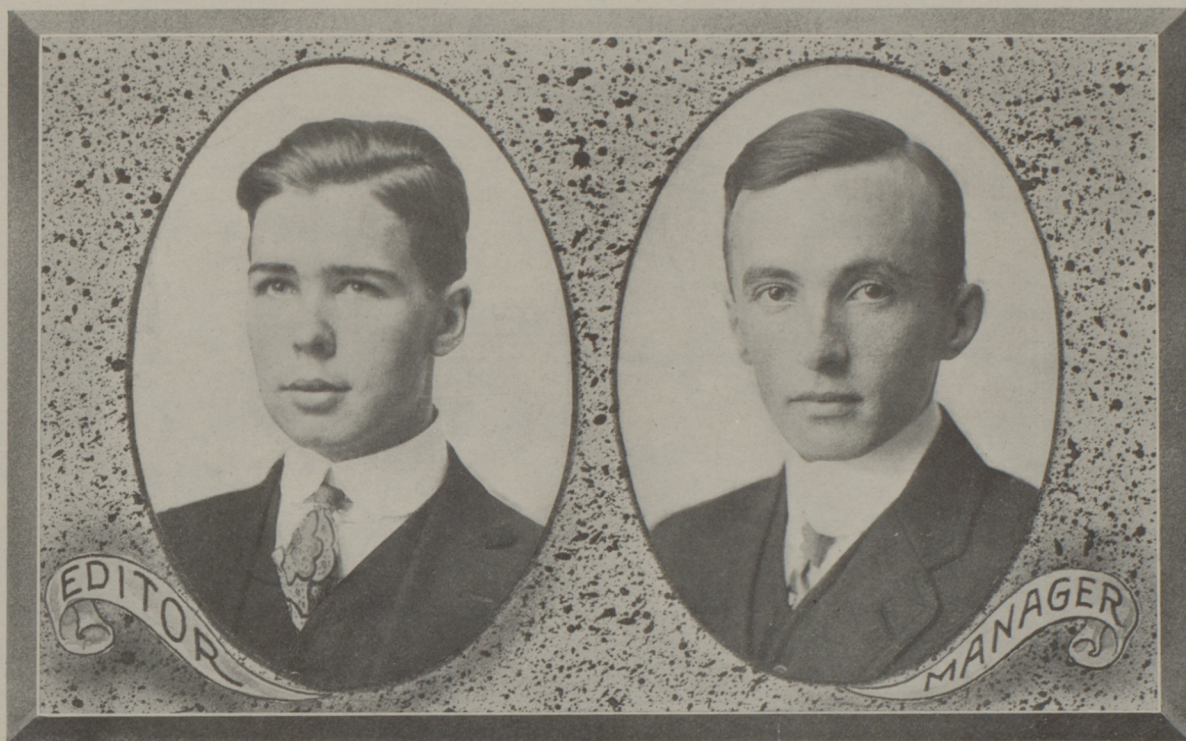
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EDITORIAL

M Howard



Appreciation.

THE Editor and staff of THE ACORN wish to thank those who have aided them in making this issue of THE ACORN a success. We extend the thanks of the staff to the Faculty for help in correcting errors and for stimulating advice; to R. S. Kitchener, the printers; to the Phoenix Engraving Co., for professional advice; to the Star and Key Society; to the High Seniors for both financial and literary contributions; to the advertisers and subscribers for the support which has made this issue possible; and lastly, the students who have contributed the material for the pages of this issue.

To keep up our advertising department in THE ACORN, it is **absolutely necessary** that the students co-operate more and more with the advertiser to show him that his support is appreciated.

To make THE ACORN a good medium, the students must patronize the advertiser. To do this, be careful in trading to call attention to the fact that you noticed the firm's advertisement in THE ACORN. By this way, only, can you make the advertiser feel the value of THE ACORN.

Remember, without the advertiser's patronage, the publication of this book would not be possible.

The Old Spirit

THE old Alameda spirit has come back. We have had a deplorable lack of spirit during the past few years; but now at last Alameda's interest and enthusiasm has so greatly increased that one would scarcely conceive the sort of student meetings held here two years ago to have been possible. The revival of this spirit dates back to the student meeting two years ago, when the new constitution was adopted. Previous to this, spirit had fallen so low that the Associated Students had had to disorganize. The new constitution seemed to put real life into the school. Then the old-time zeal was shown during the football season. It has lasted right through to the present time, increasing each semester. This term, with the prospects of a state championship team, it has excelled all previous years. But the real test for school spirit is not victory, but defeat. If a school can lose continually, if need be, and still keep coming back with renewed enthusiasm, then one may say that the school has real spirit. It is this sort of a spirit we hope to have in Alameda High, and if we do have it, then we shall have no doubts of winning.

The High School Frat

THE Greek letter fraternity never had a place in a preparatory school. At college, where it is economically necessary that students live together in groups, fraternities are desirable in promoting a spirit of harmony. In high schools they are undemocratic and altogether a nuisance, particularly to the misguided students who join them. Secret organizations had quite a start and it took nearly a capital operation to finally eradicate them. We think it might

have been done sooner, however, with some such old-fashioned remedy as five hundred words—even though that is bad for penmanship, and most unpedagogic. When the legislature of our great state met in solemn conclave and passed a law abolishing the high school fraternity, it was like taking a cannon to shoot a canary, and the fraternities became obsessed with a sense of their own importance. But the much-to-be-desired result has been accomplished, so all who love democratic usefulness and equality are content.

Where Angels Fear to Tread

THIS is an era of Jeffersonian simplicity. There was a time, two years ago, before the decree of homely democracy was given out by the Great Father in Washington, when the boys were wont to come to school attired as though attending a church social or a candy pull. Their high collars seemed to incase not only their necks, but their minds, and since "clothes just for the sake of clothes" have been so generally relegated to innocuous desuetude an increasing amount of energy and initiative is discernible. It is good, especially as the boys are just as neat and clean as before.

We have waited in vain to see this spirit of the times reflect itself in the wardrobes of the girls. So much has been said in earnest jests about "Seymour" waists and silken hose—that it would be beneath our dignity to write on such a subject were not the matter one of great importance to the whole scheme of things here at school. Our knowledge of the technical terms of the objects to which we object is limited. "Doll up" is a drag-net phrase of sufficiently recent origin that all will understand its meaning. It is that which we decry. For

a high school girl, in this age of democracy, a coiffure that took her mother an hour to prepare is bad. Still worse is the spirit of which such things are indicative.

To point out a fault without suggesting a remedy may show a lack of constructive ability, but this is neither "The Ladies' Home Journal" nor "Vogue."

The men who follow the sea wear a costume (from the waist up, we mean) which commends itself to us. Some girls are enlightened enough to follow their example—we wish more would.

Does it Pay to Take Part in School Activities

EVERY thoughtful student will ask himself seriously one time or another, "Does it pay to take part in student activities?" It is argued that a student's business, for the time being, is to acquire an education, and that anything that tends to distract must of necessity lessen the quality or delay the accomplishing of this chief aim. Looked at only in the light of diversion there are other and weightier arguments that may be brought up against student affairs. Unless one sees in school activities a wider field of opportunity, a means to further a desired end, he might as well divorce himself from this phase of school life.

A person may be a desirable private citizen without taking active part in politics or sociology. It is because so many of our most intelligent citizens refuse to burden themselves with the responsibilities of a republic that politics have often fallen into the unscrupulous power of a machine. Ideal school life should represent, on a restricted scale, the broader stage of the existence we are preparing for. The course of study represents our job and any neglect of this must reflect on our worth to the student body.

Life at school is more, however, than just the job, the struggle that makes it possible. We all have our responsibility in the managing of affairs, the advancing of standards, the bettering of conditions, and it is through active interest in student body affairs that this responsibility is met. Be a cipher, let others think and plan for you and it is not likely that manhood will find you in the lead.

Roosevelt says, in an "Outlook" editorial, "What counts in a man or a nation is not what the man or nation can do, but what he actually does. Scholarship that consists in mere learning, but finds no expression in producing, may be of interest and value to the individual, just as ability to shoot well at clay pigeons may be of interest and value to him; but it ranks no higher unless it finds expression in achievement." How can we better apply our little learning, try out our own ideas, measure strength with others, achieve something, than through the opportunities offered by our school activities? Any organization comprising 200 boys must furnish types of every kind. Coming into contact as one does in the broader work of school organizations, influencing and being influenced by them, must teach one much of human nature, a knowledge the value of which cannot be over-estimated. One of Abraham Lincoln's most memorable traits was his knowledge of human nature. It was in his youth, while loafing or working in Gentry's store that he learned how to estimate a man. Later it helped him to pick out men with the qualities that were most useful to further his plans.

If you have a liking for the literary, an idea to express, let the staff of THE ACORN know it. Gladly will they find room for your efforts. If the practical appeals to you more, the business side of the publication offers a field for your work. The student-body offices and the Administrative Board offer opportunities for executive talent. Sharpen your wits in

debating. Get in and make a worthy physical body through athletic activities. A perfectly developed body is an asset, nay, it is capital without which we can attain little.

Tastes vary and because of this our field of choice is broad. Surely your individuality is marked enough to make a choice easy. Excuses may be easy, also, but you injure yourself if you allow anything surmountable to prevent you from becoming an active force in some part of the school activities.

The Editors of **THE ACORN** feel that students of the Alameda High School will be interested in the following notes on its history:

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL was organized in 1874, under the principalship of Mr. Johns. Its first quarters were over the store on the southwest corner of Park street and Santa Clara avenue. The first class of five girls graduated in 1878, and in 1880 the first three boys graduated in a class of ten. The school had three teachers, one for Sciences, another for Classics, and the principal taught the Mathematics. English and History were divided among them. In 1891, English was made a department and History the following year. German was introduced in 1895, and French three years later. The High School was placed on the accredited list of the State University in 1886. Up to 1900, the school graduated three hundred eighty students, one hundred and ten boys and two hundred seventy girls, and of these ninety-six attended the University of California.

The High School was moved to Haight School about 1880, and again changed to the Porter School in 1900. The building was fitted with special rooms, furniture and apparatus for drawing, biology, German, French and commercial courses, and large, well lighted, and finely equipped physical and chemical laboratories. Greek, which had been taught, was dropped.

A very important improvement in the curriculum was the addition of a two years' Commercial Course, which was later changed to four years.

What is now the Freshmen year was then called the Ninth grade, the Sophomores were known as Meddlers, and Low Juniors and Low Seniors as Sub-Juniors and Sub-Seniors. The attendance averaged about one hundred seventy-five. In 1900, the school opened with just two hundred students.

In November, 1899, the first volume of **THE ACORN** was issued by the students. It continued to be issued every month for about five or six years, and was from twenty to twenty-five pages in size. There were no pictures in **THE ACORN** until the December, 1900, edition by the graduating class. The faculty composed of seven, the principal, Dr. Scott, the twenty graduates, and their star baseball team were pictured. The first appearance of any sketches done by the students was in connection with athletics, in October, 1901. **THE ACORN** continued to improve with increasing content, better illustrations and cuts and attractive cover designs.

Early in July, 1902, the Board of Education decided that the great need of the local department was a new High School building, and accordingly a bond proposition was brought forward and ratified by the citizens. At the time, when one hundred thousand dollars was voted for bonds for the new High School and improvements on the Wilson and Mastic grammar schools, the sum was considered adequate for the demands. Thirty-five thousand dollars went to Wilson and Mastic schools leaving just sixty-five thousand dollars for the entire new High School. The lot cost ten thousand, leaving about fifty-two thousand dollars for the building proper, as the remainder went for equipment and the architect. It was understood there was to be a spacious gymnasium. Prices of materials and labor went up and the High School omitted the

promised gymnasium. The building was begun in July of that year and completed in June, 1903.

The corner-stone was laid on Admission Day, September ninth, 1902. The ceremonies were under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Masons of California. The Grand Master laid the corner-stone and the Grand Orator delivered a speech. Mr. Otis of the Board of Education gave a short address. Several copies of THE ACORN were placed in the corner-stone.

In September, 1904, Dr. George C. Thompson became our present principal. During the ten years under his direction the school has increased in number of students, in number of teachers, and courses in excellence of equipment, and has been steadily in advance of the needs of the community.

Information compiled from the numbers of THE ACORN by Marjorie Stanley.

Class Organization

DURING the first two years of High School life, this question is often asked: "What is class organization for?" Apparently class organization does not seem to signify much until the last half of the Junior year. In view of this fact, several schools have tried out the "Senior Control" system. This system gives the Seniors practically full control over all student activities. It has been a success in the schools which have adopted it.

Class organization ought to mean a great deal to every student, whether Freshman or Senior. It ought to bring each member of the class into touch with fellow classmates. It ought to arouse a feeling of class spirit and wholesome class rivalry. In short, it ought to be the medium between the individual student and the school at large.

So many classes meet at the beginning of a term, elect officers, and then do nothing until the next term when the same performance is repeated. This goes on until the Senior year. Then at last they realize the significance of class organization and regret the loss of this factor in their previous years.

There are so many ways in which a class may get together and take part in school activities. Last semester interclass baseball gave us an idea of what could be evolved if regular interclass athletics were sustained. This term the Freshman girls gave an entertainment. We wish to compliment the Class of June, '18, for this step, and think it would be well for the Sophomores and even the Juniors if they would emulate the example of the Freshman Class. If each class had some definite object in view each term the members would become more firmly knit together, and consequently the whole school would become more and more a unit.

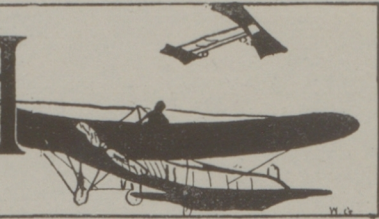
Next term let us each plan some profitable activity, some scheme, or some sport in which our class may take an active part. Let class organization mean something to the Freshman as well as to the Senior!

LITERARY



CALCUTT

THE FLYING DEATH



WHILE the war is being fought in Europe, while great battles are raging, while thousands of men are perishing, the citizens of the United States are thanking their lucky stars that they are not mixed in the turmoil. We sit down in the morning and read our newspaper. We think of the soldiers, of their bravery, and of the danger they run; but do we often think of the men who gather the news—the war-correspondents who are on the field of action to get the first-hand information which feeds the news-hungry public?

John Quinlan, the European correspondent of the New York "Times," was in London at the outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Quinlan had been a war-correspondent in three campaigns, the Boer war, the Spanish-American war, and the Russo-Japanese war. He was a man of undaunted courage, fearless to a fault, and with a keen insight into human characteristics. He wore the Victoria Cross of England, and the Congressional Medal of Honor of our own country. The editor of the "Times" knew what Quinlan was worth, and immediately cabled him to get certain passports and documents, and to get himself into the field as quickly as possible. The post-script contained these words, "Spare no expense."

Quinlan had been momentarily expecting such a communication. He had his hand-bag packed, his passports in his breast-pocket, a bulge in his coat told where his automatic pistol was stored, and a bulging wallet told that he had taken

advantage of the last part of the message. Thus equipped, he left Charing Cross with a light heart. The Great Station was packed. The troops were entraining. The crowd cheered, the cheers mixing with the martial music of the regimental bands. Quinlan found himself in a compartment with several English officers. One of these officers noticed the two medals which Quinlan wore on his vest, and after the train was under way politely expressed some curiosity concerning them. An older officer reached into his pocket and produced his card. Quinlan, in turn, produced his. A surprised expression ran across the face of the officer who also wore the Victoria Cross.

"Are you the man who held off fifty armed Boers from a farm near Boer Kopje, and saved the women and children until the reinforcements came up?" Quinlan admitted that he was, but tried to deny the fact that he had done anything wonderful.

"I happened to have charge of the reinforcements," remarked the officer. When the train arrived at Southampton the officers, who were members of the aviation corps, cordially shook hands with Quinlan, expressing the hope that they would soon see him again.

A few days later, we find Quinlan in Paris. The Germans were advancing. He had been out to the line several times, and had seen it gradually beaten back, until the roar of artillery could continually be heard in Paris. Walking in the streets he saw the preparations for defense. Barricades in the

streets, machine guns on the housetops, heavy artillery on the old wall, and citizen soldiers everywhere! He saw the strained faces of the women watching the bulletin-boards. The news of battle and the lists of missing were posted hourly, and after reading the crowds dispersed until another bulletin was posted. The news was not cheerful. From the angry faces and the low murmur of the mob, Quinlan could tell this much. Looking closer, he saw startling news. The advance guard of the Germans had reached the first of the out-lying lines of forts encircling the city! Twenty-four hours more and they might be dashing through the streets of Paris itself. Quinlan shook himself. Oh! to be able to do something! This inaction was what he hated. He could not send any news, for the wires were down, and the censors would not allow him to use the government line. He could not go out to the battle, for all people were compelled to remain in the city. To add to his discomfort, the representative of the "Herald" had succeeded in getting out of the city in his high-powered machine. The "Herald" would consequently make a stir by publishing the first authentic news of the siege. Quinlan was beside himself, compelled to remain in inactivity, while the reputation of the "Times" was at stake.

In this frame of mind he strolled down the Champs Elysées toward the Bois de Boulogne. "Ah! Monsieur Quinlan," it was a voice at his elbow, "We have met before." He turned and beheld at his side a Frenchman. "You do not remember me? Think of the adventure in St. James street when——"

"What, you, Marquis!" said Quinlan. "But, my dear fellow, you have grown since then."

"I was only eighteen then, and ten years broaden a man considerably," replied the Marquis.

"What brings you to Paris," asked Quinlan, "for I know you would not be here unless there is something to be done that requires secrecy and daring."

"You are right," laughed the Marquis, "and of all men I

should have wished to find, you are the most fit. Some English officers told me of you, and I have been searching Paris for you. At last, I have found you."

Quinlan's blood began to race faster; he knew the Marquis de St. Mentin would not spend time looking for him unless there was an exciting and dangerous venture in prospect. These two men had known each other ever since the Boer War. They had been in several adventures since then, but Quinlan had not seen the Marquis for several years.

"What is it?" Quinlan asked. "I hope something worth while, for my blood had begun to get sluggish of late."

"It is secret," was the reply, "but I may tell you it is connected with the safety of France and of the allied forces."

"Well," said Quinlan, "let us start. I'm tired of this waiting. I'm ready now!"

"No," replied his friend, "meet me here tonight at eleven o'clock. We must not be seen till then."

That evening at the hour agreed Quinlan met the Marquis. With him were several other men. The English officers whom Quinlan had met on the train were there. He was greeted by nods. The party set out towards the outskirts of Paris. On the narrow streets they passed not a person; the civilian guards silently saluted as they passed. Soon they reached a large field, which Quinlan recognized as the aviation field. It suddenly dawned on him that here was his chance. Out of Paris, a wild adventure, and a "scroop" for the "Times," all in one! The men approached the largest tent and entered. Several men were seated inside, among whom Quinlan recognized Poincaré, the President of the French Republic. "Important business, indeed," thought Quinlan, "if his Honor condescends to visit us."

When all were seated, the President spoke: "Gentlemen," he said, after a short introduction, "In view of the fact that the Germans are so near, and in view of the fact that there is a possibility of Paris being forced to surrender,—the Govern-

ment has decided to move its seat to Bordeaux. There are certain priceless documents, valuable, priceless beyond estimation, that are not to be trusted to the ordinary means of transportation. These must also be removed. Their value to the enemy is inestimable. This conflict, the safety of France; of the allies and of civilization is at stake, and in order to preserve it, these documents must be moved safely. Unfortunately the Germans have learned of the intended move, and will do all in their power to prevent its success. It is your duty, gentlemen, to successfully remove these documents." This was the main part of his speech. There followed instructions, messages and warnings.

At two o'clock in the morning the party went into one of the hangars, and assembled around a large aeroplane. The officers of the English corps busied themselves about it, stored away the documents, and began to carefully place queer packages inside the car.

"What is that?" asked Quinlan.

"Dynamite," calmly answered the Marquis, "so we can throw bombs in case we are attacked." Quinlan experienced a queer sensation up his spine. An airship full of dynamite, and likely to be shot at by Germans!

At three o'clock the plane was trundled out of the hangar by the gendarmes, Quinlan, the Marquis, and the English captain took seats in the car. The propeller was whirled, the engine popped, and the plane started. "Bon voyage," cried the little crowd.

The speed of the machine was limited, for it was dark and the Marquis, who was handling the plane, was loath to use the searchlight. About dawn the Englishman took the wheel. Paris was a tiny blur of smoke behind them. As the sun rose it flooded the country with light, and made all things beautiful. But something could easily be seen to be wrong. The farms appeared to be deserted. No children played around the doorsteps of the peasants' cottages. War indeed was a terrible

Page 20

thing, a grim reality, here in sunny France.

Quinlan was armed with a rifle and two automatic pistols. He and the Marquis occupied their time by cutting dynamite sticks into small pieces and attaching percussion caps to them. They were skimming along about five hundred feet above the earth, when a slight jar shook the machine. Looking up, Quinlan saw a hole in the canvas of one of the planes. The armored body of the car had been struck by a bullet, which, glancing, had torn the plane.

"Hell!" said the English captain, "Look ahead there."

Sure enough, the thing they had feared had happened. There, stretched along the ground like a snake lay a long line of German infantry with aeroplane guns. Even as the captain spoke the machine was shaken by a volley. To the left was Paris, to the right the German line extended for miles. It extended in the direction they were going only a few miles more. They had to run the gauntlet or go back. Quinlan touched the fuse of the stick of dynamite, and sighting as well as he could, dropped the deadly missile. He watched the effect. He saw a little group of men around a gun; he heard no sound, for the engine's roar now drowned all sounds; but suddenly the men, gun and equipment disappeared, leaving only a jagged hole in the ground. It amazed him, the ease and quickness of this deadly method of carrying on warfare. The men were there one instant, the next instant they ceased to exist; and there was nothing to tell what had become of them.

But the fire from the guns was now becoming terrific. The machine was climbing and consequently was not making much headway, so it offered a fair mark for the German gunners. The bombs could not be aimed accurately, and did not do as much damage as might be expected. The vital parts of the car were armored,—but suppose a stray bullet should hit one of the packages of dynamite! A shudder ran through

Quinlan. The aeroplane, the Marquis, the captain, and himself would disappear with that same quickness and speed which he had previously noted. But no, at last the end of the line was in sight, ten minutes more they would be past the last German outpost and have a clear way to Bordeaux. Suddenly the machine seemed to go to pieces, it shook and heaved, it jumped convulsively, and ceased to make headway.

"Propeller stuck," cried the Marquis, then relapsing into his native tongue he swore plentifully, "Sacre mille cochons bleus, nom d'um chien, qui faites-nous maintenant?" The English captain had already shut off the power and had commenced to glide down. If they could only pass the last outpost and get far enough away to change propellers, for there was an extra one attached to the body of the disabled machine and the aviators saw a body of cavalry assembled at the outpost. They were now gliding rapidly downward. They had passed the outpost and finally came to rest in an open field surrounded by a stone wall, and approached on one side by a lane. As nearly as they could judge they were about two miles from the outpost, but they knew that before the propeller could be put on the German horsemen would be up on them. The three worked desperately. The damaged propeller was off, and the new one in place when the shouts of the approaching Uhlans were heard. Quinlan and the Marquis ran to the wall, leaving the captain to finish the work. As the men sank to their knees back of the wall the foremost of the Uhlans came into view. There were perhaps twenty in the troop. Quindan raised his rifle and fired. The foremost German fell; but these men were not to be daunted; they came on. The Marquis and Quinlan shot fast now, but the Germans still came on. Another body had joined them and they were now only fifty feet off. Their horses were hot and sweaty, but, nevertheless, they came on fast. Quindan's rifle was hot, he had not time to reload now. The dead and wounded horses so crowded the lane that it hindered the advance of the Germans.

But they were pushing forward in spite of the fire of the automatic pistols. The men were nearly upon them. Several had dismounted and were advancing in a squad.

"It's now or never," decided Quinlan. He took a stick of dynamite, lighted the fuse and called to the Marquis, "Fall flat on your face!"

He then hurled the dynamite straight into the advancing mass of men and horses. They were scarcely ten feet away. The stone wall protected the two men when the explosion came. The concussion, however, was terrific.

The two men rose, half stunned, staggered to the machine. The captain was lying face downward, stunned by the concussion. Quinlan seized him, placed him in the car of the machine, the Marquis spun the propeller, jumped in and started the plane. As the care rose, another body of German cavalry came into sight. Quinlan threw bomb after bomb upon these, while the Marquis circled overhead.

The course was now set directly for Bordeaux and after an hour's uneventful journey, they reached their sea-side haven.

The Chambre des Deputes had already arrived and was in session. When the three victors came in and told their stories a scene occurred in that august body which had never before been witnessed. The Deputes went wild. They cheered, they sang the "Marseillaise," and finally voted a unanimous motion to award the cross of the Legion of Honor to these three men.

That evening, with his dispatches to the "Times" safely cabled, Quinlan stood on the pier looking at the liner "La France," leaving for the United States.

"Adventure is all right in its place," he mused. "But won't the lights of old Broadway look good to me—when my work is done!"

—DECEMBER, '14.



YOBİ SAN



YOBİ SAN worked among the rice plants beyond Natama. She was an innocent little girl. She knew how to care for the rice, standing knee-deep in the oozy mud, with her brightly colored kimono tucked high about her slender waist. She had always done that. She knew how to tend to her old aunt who had cared for her when she was a baby. She knew that the snows came to soothe the tired earth to peacefulness, that it was the soft white clouds weeping when the thousands of blossoms dropped in the Spring, that when a bird swept by her on the Summer's breeze she must say a prayer for a wandering soul. She believed that somewhere, their haunts she knew not, were gods who would hear her prayer, and that somewhere in the world there was one who ruled for the gods.

For to her aunt, Yoba San carried all her small desires, but the great things she whispered to the all-seeing gods, and if her petitions were denied—why, the gods knew best. Of war Yobi San knew nothing. She had seen the image of the war-god in the temple. If war was like the idol's face, it must truly be cruel and terrible. She had heard that there was war in the land, and the Emperor had called for all the men of the rice-fields. None were left now but women and little children, and the old men of the temple.

Yobi San, standing in the blue ooze between the long rows of rice stalks, heard the Emperor's call, too. What would her answer be? What could her small strength do to help in

the great time of need? What answer could she give? A slender, blue heron rose from the stream that flowed slowly among the hills, and with a great flapping of wings soared up to the temple on the mountain-side and settled on the overhanging ledge.

Yobi San clapped her hands. The all-powerful gods would give her the answer. She would go and make herself fit to supplicate the gods. After putting on her best kimono and smoothing her long, shiny hair, the girl threaded her way through the bamboo grove to the old gray steps of the temple. Here she stopped. If the gods should tell her to go! How could she? How could she leave her old aunt, so feeble and so blind? But only for a second did she ponder. The gods would know best; as they commanded, so could she do.

Yobi San passed up the stairs and into the court. At the inner gate she stood still a moment; then, with a radiant look straight into the face of her god, she knelt down on the floor. With quick-coming breath and soft-pressing together of her small hands, she made her request. Would the august gods tell her what she could do for her country, for her Emperor who had called on his people to help him? It was only a short prayer, but if it were best that she should do something, the august gods would show her how.

Yobi San knew that she could not stay long away from her work in the rice-fields, but the good bird, who had shown her the way to the shrine of the gods must be thanked. Yobi

San pattered silently over the broken flags to the heron and hurriedly thanked him. Then she fled from the shadows of the temple out onto the sun-bathed steps.

Her prayer had already been answered! For under the lillies by her little hut, a sword was buried. It was Yobi San's now; it had belonged to her honorable father. She had never touched it, but now she would get it and give it to the Emperor to help in the great war.

In the evening, when the moon shone in its full brightness, Yobi San knelt on the sod. The only tools she used were her small brown fingers; she buried them deep and swiftly underneath the roots of the lillies until she struck something hard. Tenderly she drew the bundle out into the starlight and brushed the earth off. Tenderly and reverently, the kneeling figure unfolded the cloth that was wound roll upon roll around a long slim lacquered box. Swathed in folds of silk yellowed through the many years was the sheath; and under this was the shining sword. On its hilt were curious figures of gold, but these Yobi San could not understand. With trembling fingers, she raised the bare blade high above her head and with lips that quivered and eyes that, pleading, breathed a prayer to the Lady-moon.

Slowly she put the sword back in the lacquered sheath, wrapped again the rotting silk about the weapon, placed it in the box, and then in the coarse blue cloth. A slow note of the temple bell rang out on the still midnight air, swelled through the clear night, then died away.

Many days and many nights, Yobi San traveled in search for her Emperor. She never questioned that the road on which she walked would lead her to her destination, but the long box she hugged so closely to her had grown very heavy and her feet were worn and weary.

The bells of a temple rang out on the evening air, and then came the soft chanting of the worshippers. Yobi San

was tired and the sound of the music made her drowsy. Gathering her robe closely about her, with the sword clasped against her breast, she lay down beside the highway. Her eyes grew heavy, drooped, and closed in sleep.

Near her, with grave face and haughty bearing, stood Count Anedi, waiting for news from the front. He did not notice the small heap of dusty blue at his feet until it moved. The little figure prostrated itself at his feet, raising in its arms a long, black box. Yobi San had awakened to see before her this vision in blue and gold and had believed herself to be in the presence of the Emperor. With quivering lips and closed eyes, she knelt before him.

"Most august," she began, "by the Great God's command, I give you my father's sword to——"

Weak and faint, she toppled over; her words gave place to silence.

Anedi took the box from her drooping arms, lifted the lid, and loosened the sword from its sheath. He looked at the engraven inscription on the hilt and at the crest. It was one that he, himself, might have worn.

His words were harsh as he asked:—"Where did you get this? Speak, by the gods!"

Roused by his tone of command, Yobi San faltered again.

"Oh, most august, it is mine, all truly mine. It was Hamura's. He was my father. Now it is all mine; no one is left to care but me."

Anedi was touched by the childish appeal in the voice, and questioned more gently about the sword. Yobi San told him all she knew of her old aunt, of the rice-fields, and of her desire to help her country.

There was no reason why Anedi should not believe her story; the name Hamura belonged to the Anedis; the Hamura's truth and honor he would vouch for. So this forlorn little figure was a Hamura!

He lifted the child to her feet, and told her very slowly that he was not the Emperor,—that the Emperor was far away, but that he would take the sword to him and tell him the story of her loyalty; that he, Anedi, was leaving at once for the front, and when he came back,—if he came back,—he would come for her and the old aunt.

Count Anedi was interrupted by one of his officers. When he turned again to the slim blue figure, it was gone. But in his hands was the sword and in his heart a prayer of thanksgiving for the loyalty of Yobi San. He felt that now the tide of battle would be turned. He knew now the cause of the great losses of his army—losses which had begun with the

death of Hamura and the disappearance of Hamura's sword.

All through the terrible battle of the next day, it was Yobi San's sword that led the ranks on to victory—Yobi San's sword which was clasped in the clinched fist of Count Anedi at the head of the army.

And Yobi San? Yobi San went back to her rice-fields with a new song in her heart. Every evening, after her work was done, she knelt on the flags of the temple and asked the gods to bring the new god in blue and gold to her again, that she might once more look into his face, and hear his voice.

Her prayer was short. If the gods denied this—. She sighed—"The gods know best." —LORENE REMMEL



SO we want all of you fellows to turn out and show the girls that we appreciate the manner in which they have supported football this season," concluded the speaker, followed by the clapping of some five hundred students. He was the president of Brooke High School and had called a student meeting that Friday for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm for the girls' boat race which was scheduled to take place the following Wednesday.

The contest with Oakley High promised to be particularly interesting, as this was the first time in the history of Brooke High that an important athletic event was to be executed by girls. It was really an experiment and the future of other races depended largely upon the success of this one. Some

doubted the ability of the crew pitted against the more experienced rowers of the Oakley shell, but the Brooke girls had practiced for three months steadily, appearing on the water every day except Sunday during the last four weeks, so it seemed that they had nothing to fear. Besides this, they had procured the best coach obtainable, and he had succeeded in training eight inexperienced rowers into excellent, if not expert oarsmen. However, the Oakley crew had been preparing with just as much determination, so, consequently it was with uneasiness and doubt that one crew awaited the other; the Oakley rowers having more confidence perhaps, because of their experience in previous races.

A perfect September day greeted the rowing crews. The

following Wednesday, Lake Comos, a beautiful body of water surrounded by a broad boulevard bordered with trees and shrubbery, was the scene of the race. At two o'clock the sun was reigning in a sky of turquoise, and shone upon the lake reflecting myriads of silver lights. Around the edges of the lake white patches with specks of color could be discerned, the bright pennants of Brooke and Oakley showing to good advantage. On the western bank was the boat-house, a cool and restful haven from the sun. Immediately adjoining was the landing from which the shells were lowered.

How light and frail they looked with their long, slender lines and graceful spoon-oars and with what pride viewed by their respective crews! They were well worth admiring not only because of their actual worth, but because of the honor which they represented. To all appearances the boats were exactly alike, there being space for eight oarsmen and a coxswain in each. The shells looked like twins with their smooth white hulls, except that one gunwale was painted in green, denoting its allegiance to Oakley, while Brooke claimed the one in maroon.

At last the crews appear. Now they are lowering the shells in the water preparatory to getting in line for the start. What a nervousness and excitement there is in both crews which is only half masked by a calm exterior! But now they feel the familiar touch of the oars and they rest more easy. Now they are ready to start! Every one is in suspense as the judge raises his hand and discharges the pistol, and the two crafts shoot out silently over the surface of the water.

On shore patches of green and maroon can be seen waving up and down, while the excited spectators follow the race with straining eyes. Out on the farthest point are the two yell-leaders urging their yells with all the strength and energy which they can summon to bring their crews to victory.

Half the struggle is now over as the two boats stay stubbornly together. Both start with long, sweeping strokes and

fairly glide over the water. Gradually they begin to slacken and seem to be conserving their strength for a final spurt. Then, without warning, Brooke puts all her strength in her oars and is rewarded by outdistancing her opponent by a boat length. Suddenly a worried look comes into the faces of the Brooke supporters as the Oakley shell with a desperate spurt steadily gains and remains slightly ahead of Brooke.

Why, what is the matter with the Brooke stroke? She isn't pulling to form and appears to have difficulty in getting any strength from her oar! It looks as if it were splitting. Why don't they spurt for the finish? They must get ahead now or never, for the goal is but a bare one hundred yards more. Oh, if the craft only would respond. It seems as if it were made of lead! Taking advantage of this, Oakley with a determined and steady stroke comes to the fore. The goal is near now, Brooke can surely make it! Then as she is gaining slowly but surely, a crash echoes over the lake and the stroke's oar splits up the center of the blade. At the same time a shot rings out as the triumphant Oakley shell skimmers over the line.

Such wild enthusiasm for the fortunate Oakley winners! Nothing was too good for them, and they were proudly towed in to the landing by the obliging owner of the only launch on the lake. Meanwhile the Brooke crew landed, put their shell, oars and oarlocks on the float and turned to receive the sympathy of their coach and friends. After this painful ceremony was over and the crowd had scattered, the Brooke coach turned around and glanced at the cause of the trouble, the broken oar! Taking it in his hand to find out the cause of the splitting, he felt a sharp point. Upon examining it, he saw a very short thin nail which had been inserted at the tip of the blade and which had been the cause of the apparent defeat. Nothing further than this was ever found out.

—CAROLINE BORKMAN, Nov. 10, 1914.

MAKING GOOD

LLOUD and clear came the exulting cheers from the Essex stand, resplendent in tossing red and white, as the ball advanced steadily down the field under the powerful attack of the Essex forwards. The opposing Vail forwards, fighting desperately to avoid being scored upon, leaped into the ruck, and a meleé ensued, out of which the ball suddenly shot toward Stanton, the Vail center-three. Snatching the ball on the bound, amid the frantic cheers of encouragement from the Vail rooters, Stanton dashed around the confused tangle of forwards, and dashed for the Essex goal-line, followed by the rest of the Vail backfield. Just before being tackled, he passed the ball to his wing three-quarters, who, before being downed, kicked to touch. Between them, they had advanced the ball to the center of the field, placing the Vail goal out of danger. Over in the Vail stands, from the white and gold supporters, came a storm of cheers, as the opposing forwards lined up, awaiting the ball which the Essex wing was about to toss into the line-out.

As the ball was thrown in, Norman, the Vail rear-ranker, leaped into the air and caught it. He put the ball to his feet, and the Vail forwards, obedient to the half-back's shrill, "Get around him, forwards!" rallied. In the ensuing scrum the Vail forwards hooked the ball back to their half-back, who immediately passed to the first-five. The latter started a passing rush for the Essex goal-line. The rush succeeded perfectly, the ball being passed out to Wilson, the Vail left-wing, who advanced it to the Essex five-yard line before being downed. Above the stamping of feet, above the wild cheering from the

gold and white stands, came the insistent cry of the rallying Essex rooters:

"Fight 'em, Essex,
Fight 'em, Essex,
Fight 'em, Essex."

The Essex team, responding to the cry of their supporters, fought so desperately that the ball was still in play, when the shrill call of the referee's whistle announced the ending of the first half.

In the Vail dressing-room was a scene of confusion, as the players, while being rubbed by the trainer, discussed the first half, criticising and praising one another. All became silent as the coach entered. He began to encourage them, pointing out the misplays, and showing what should have been done.

"Johnston," he said, addressing the Vail second-five, "you should have passed that ball when that Essex 'smeared' you! Never let me see you run with the ball under your arm, hold it in front of you, so you can get your pass away when tackled. Davis, keep the three-quarter line straight, and keep out of the scrum! Understand? Wilson, you get drawn in too close. Mark your man and play him! The next time I see any of you back-field men getting 'sucked' into the scrum, there'll be trouble! That was a good play you made, Bennett. Keep it up! You forwards will have to show more 'pep,' keep right on that ball! Never let it get away from you! No more stalling among the forwards, or out you come. Remember,

you're not playing marbles. Muss 'em up a little! All out now, same team as in first half. Let me see you take that ball across this half!"

A roar of cheers from the rival sections greeted the players, as the teams, invigorated by the brief respite, trotted out and lined up, followed by the substitutes, who took their places on the bench. Among the latter was a youth who took his place on the end of the bench, apart from the others. He was about eighteen years of age, well-built, and muscular, with a pleasing countenance, which, at the present moment, had a wistful look as he watched the team line up for the kick-off. He was Jack Gordon, a freshman, who had recently entered college. Owing to his low standing in his studies, he had refused to turn out at the beginning of the football season, and thus endanger his chances of passing the coming examinations. For this, many called him a "quitter," and refused to have anything to do with him. Although Jack took no notice of these slights, he was hurt by them, as his wistful expression showed. He was by nature a boy who loved the companionship of others, which fact made his loneliness doubly hard to bear. In spite of all this, his determination to "make good" was not altered. He had worked hard at his lessons, until he had made up his deficiencies, thus fulfilling his promise to his father not to let athletics stand in the way of his education. He had turned out two weeks before the big game with Essex, and had worked hard to make the team. Despite his good work, his team-mates still regarded him as having a "yeddow streak," and thus far he had not been in a practice game. He longed to be out there on the field fighting for his school. He longed to dig his cleats in the turf, and feel the old thrill as he awaited, with beating heart and tense muscles, the kick-off which would start the play.

So absorbed was he in his visions, that he failed to notice that the game had started, until he was aroused by a burst of

cheers from the Essex stands. The Essex forwards had gotten the ball, and were dribbling it down the field. The Vail forwards were making desperate efforts to reach the ball, when Wilson, the Vail wing, slid head-first into the tangle of feet, and put the ball under him. This respite enabled the Vail forwards to rally around him and stay the rush. The shrieks of joy from the White and Gold rooters was suddenly changed to groans, when it was seen that Wilson was sitting on the field, holding his ankle in his hands. He had twisted it severely when he stopped the rush. While he was being helped off the field, the coach and captain held a consultation.

"We'll have to use Gordon," said the coach.

"I don't like to trust him in the game; he's not shown spirit enough to turn out," argued the captain.

"Give him a chance and he will make good," answered the coach, confidently. He had observed Jack, and respected his reason for not turning out at the first of the season.

When Gordon, hardly believing his ears, approached in answer to the call, the coach patted him kindly on the back, and said, "Now is your chance, boy, make good!" Wonderfully heartened by the knowledge that the coach believed in him, Jack took his place. The Vail rooters gave him a half-hearted cheer which he did not even hear, in his excitement. Play was resumed, the ball being thrown into the scrum on the Vail twenty-five-yard line. The Essex forwards got the ball, and heeled it out to the waiting half-back. The latter passed to the first-five, who started a back-field rush for the Vail goal. Down the field they came, with the White and Gold back-field striving desperately to hold them. As he was tackled, the Essex center-three-quarters passed to the waiting win. Jack Gordon, who had been watching his chance, rushed forward and intercepted the pass, eluding the Essex wing, who made a dive at him. Down the field he sped, deaf to the shrieks and pandemonium in the bleachers, with both teams

thundering after. Before him was an open field, with nothing but the Essex full-back between him and a try which would win the game. The center line, then the Essex fifteen-yard line, passed under his flying feet. As he neared the full-back, the latter made a flying tackle for Jack's knees. With his last remaining strength Jack leaped up and to one side, feeling

the full-back's hand grasp his ankle, as he did so. He broke loose, stumbled, recovered and crossed the Essex goal-line for the only try of the game, amid the frenzied cheers of the White and Gold rooters.

Jack Gordon had made good!

—HOMER H. CORMICK, June, '14.

THE DEVINER'S INFLUENCE

(After reading "The Garden of Allah.")

IT seemed to Irena as though this had been the most wonderful morning she had ever seen. After having eaten in the little salon, the sunlight had tempted her forth into the desert. How she trembled when she spoke that word—desert—the abode of loneliness.

Before her stood a white building, shaded by date palms and pepper trees; beyond stretched the desert. The sound of prayer came to her from the mosque whose minaret rose above the trees and flat-roofed houses. She shut her eyes, and imagining a church of her own, prayed too, silently.

Her guard rose from his kneeling, and approached her.

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle," he said, "would you like a horse for the day? Sunlight in the garden of the gazelles is like the flames of Paradise, and you can see the Spahis galloping upon horses that are beautiful as—"

"I do not need one this morning, Anteoni, I will walk." Anteoni retreated. He liked the lady, and his hope had been repulsed.

Down on the road near the village there were people, old men playing the "lady's game" with stones in squares of sand,

women peeping from flat roofs and dark doorways, children driving goats. Near by sounded the sharp and piercing notes of the hautboy. All of these sights and sounds but served to make Irena more nervous, and she clenched her hands tightly together. The church bell was silent now, but the hautboy did not cease. What was in this life for her? Would the French suspect her after all these months in the Sahara? The outcome was left to God himself and she felt that her answer would come soon.

She walked on toward the village. She heard the bell chime again among the palms and voices below her under the arcade. A French cafe was installed there and two or three soldiers were taking their wine out-of-doors. They were talking in whispers. Why in whispers? Did they suspect her? There before her she saw another group of French soldiers. They were looking over the parapet into the fruit gardens where the white figures of the Arabs were flitting through the trees. She could stand behind the parapet and hear their conversation. Their voices reminded her of her mission. How many things she had done for the king and what a reward she would get in the end! Irena was wide

awake now. The feeling of calm serenity had returned to her. She stopped to listen. What was it she heard?

"Monsieur received the telegram last night?"

"Yes, last night at ten o'clock."

"Does the King know that this tribe is hostile?"

"No. I did not reach him until after the army had been ordered to start."

"Then they are coming by way of Beni-Mora?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

Oh, they were coming by way of Beni-Mora; so the French King had sent an army after all. Irena would remember that. There was a jingling of spurs, a tramp of feet, and the voices died away. She turned and was confronted by Anteoni. She wondered how long he had been there and if he had seen her listening.

"I have a telegram for Mademoiselle," he said.

"Merci," she replied, and then dismissed him.

What would the King say? Then she translated the cipher. "Your work is good. Hear that French army is sent by way of Beni-Mora. Watch your chance for news. They think you are working for them." So they had not discovered her trick! She turned and started back to the hotel. As she entered her room she called her maid Anna, "I shall go down to the *salle-a-manger* tonight, instead of having my dinner here."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

Irena heard footsteps on the verandah and they startled her. "Did you not see who was on the verandah just now?" she called after her maid.

"Only a soldier, gone to his room," was the reply. What could a soldier be doing on her verandah?

The large *salle-a-manger* was filled with small tables. At only three were people sitting. Four French officers sat together at one, a small fat man,—probably a commercial trav-

eler at another. A young Arab waiter with a thin dissipated face stood near the door. When Irena entered, he stole forward to show her to her table, making with his bright yellow slippers a shuffling sound on the polished wooden floor. The French officers glanced up, rose and bowed. Her table was by a window and directly opposite the soldiers. They had never stared at her before, why tonight? Could they have suspected her telegrams, after all these months? Beni-Mora was certainly casting a spell on her, and a spell of fright! Could she be a coward and give up now? What if they found out she were a spy?

As she left the room, the soldiers again rose and bowed. They surveyed her tall, upright figure and broad athletic shoulders.

Again in her room, she called Anna. "Tell Anteoni to have a horse for me at 8 o'clock."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

At eight, the horse was ready, and Anteoni standing by its side.

"I go with you, Mademoiselle."

"Why?"

"It's night," was the reply.

"No, Anteoni, I'm not afraid." She mounted her horse, and started for the village. She was restless and needed distraction.

She thought she would see the dancers, so she turned away from the street and went to an alley. She heard the clear shrillings of the hautboy and the cries of the Arabs.

After calling a guard for her horse, she entered the door. On all sides were the Arab spectators and before her a girl in a sparkling robe who walked slowly and languidly, a cross expression on her heavy face with its white paint, scarlet lips and darkened eyes.

An Arab boy with a beautiful face slipped to the platform

with two long pointed knives in his hands. He laid them on the table before the dancer and then disappeared. Directly the knives touched the table the hautboy players blew a terrific blast. It poured fire into the dancer's veins, and set her heart on fire. It was triumphant as a great song after war. Then she began her dagger dance. The tom-toms accompanied it with an irregular but rhythmical beat which Irena thought was like the deep-voiced shouting of squadrons of fighting men. Why did it make her nervous tonight? The room oppressed her. She seemed to need air and so left the dancers.

From the near-by cafe the Arabs began to pour into the street. Women were leaning over the balconies crying out shrilly. Irena mounted her horse, and rode on through the village. As she passed the door of a cafe she heard the name of Aloui mentioned. Ah! she would go and see Aloui, the Great Diviner. Perhaps she would get a reason from him why she was so restless tonight.

The guard held the horse while she entered the fumoir. The silence seemed to her unnaturally intense. The Diviner was crouching on the floor with his head bent down. Only his shoulders could be seen covered with a white gandoua. The figure rose and the face of the Diviner smiled at her through the purple blossoms of the bougainvillia. In the center of the room on the ground was a symmetrical pyramid of sand. The sand heap held her eyes and she was gripped by an odd feeling of awe. The Diviner squatted down once more, stretched out his fingers over the sand heap, looked at her and smiled.

"The life of Mademoiselle, I see it in the sand—the life of Mademoiselle on the desert." After a few minutes of silence he spoke again. "Ah! I see a storm for Mademoiselle—perhaps the storm of death. The Mademoiselle speaks French, but she is not French, she is English." Irena's heart

jumped. How did he know? He went on:—"I see blood-splashes on the white sky—many Arabs and French soldiers. There are immense dunes like mountains on all sides, and only you—alone in the desert!" Then silence.

"Tell me!" she cried.

"Yes, yes," as he continued again, "I see a mist, and then the sun comes bright. You are alone in the desert. The storm has gone, but you are alone. There is something tremendous in your soul. I see no more."

He sat looking at her. She pressed her hands together, a sob escaped her. Her face was deathly white, and she shook from head to foot. She rose to leave the room, and heard the Diviner say, "What is written is written. It is Fate." How well she knew that!

His words came to her again, as she rode off. "French soldiers, a storm, death, blood, then the desert—and alone." Was this not the storm? Did the soldiers know her to be a spy? Was the hanging coming? She prayed softly to the Lord for help. The desert, ah! yes, the abode of loneliness, and the great Hiding-Place. Was she a coward, and must she give all up now, all her work for the King? Yes, it was time. She had lived her life and the storm must come.

She rode hurriedly back to her room, left a note to Anna, which she knew she would understand. Then Irena passed into the night away from Beni-Mora, and out to the desert, the "Great Hiding-Place."

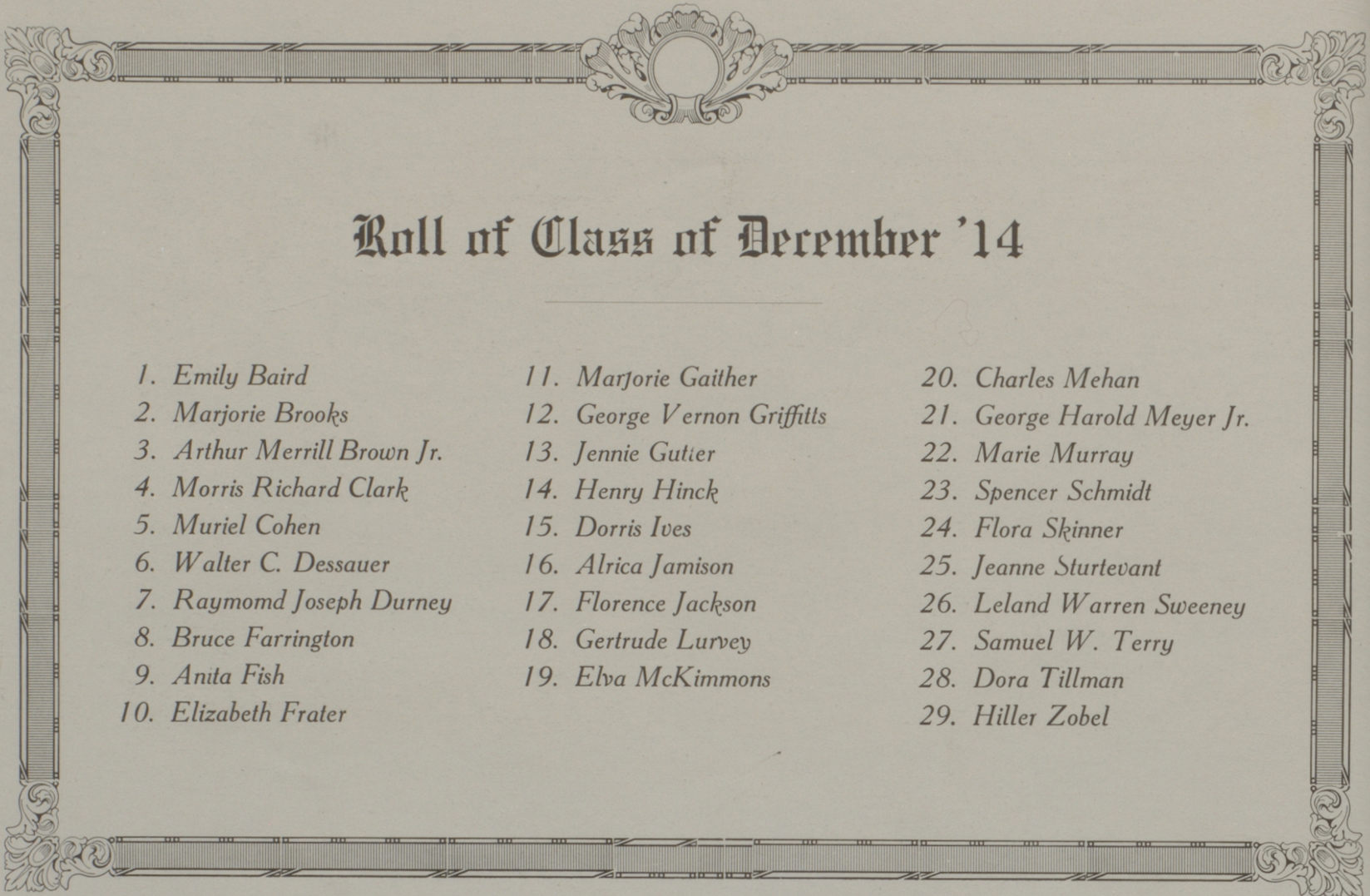
After two days in the sand-storms, Irena lay among the dunes, as if in sleep, but her soul was with Allah who had cast her Fate.

And this end of a brave woman from the Influence of the Diviner.

—MARJORIE BROOKS, '14.

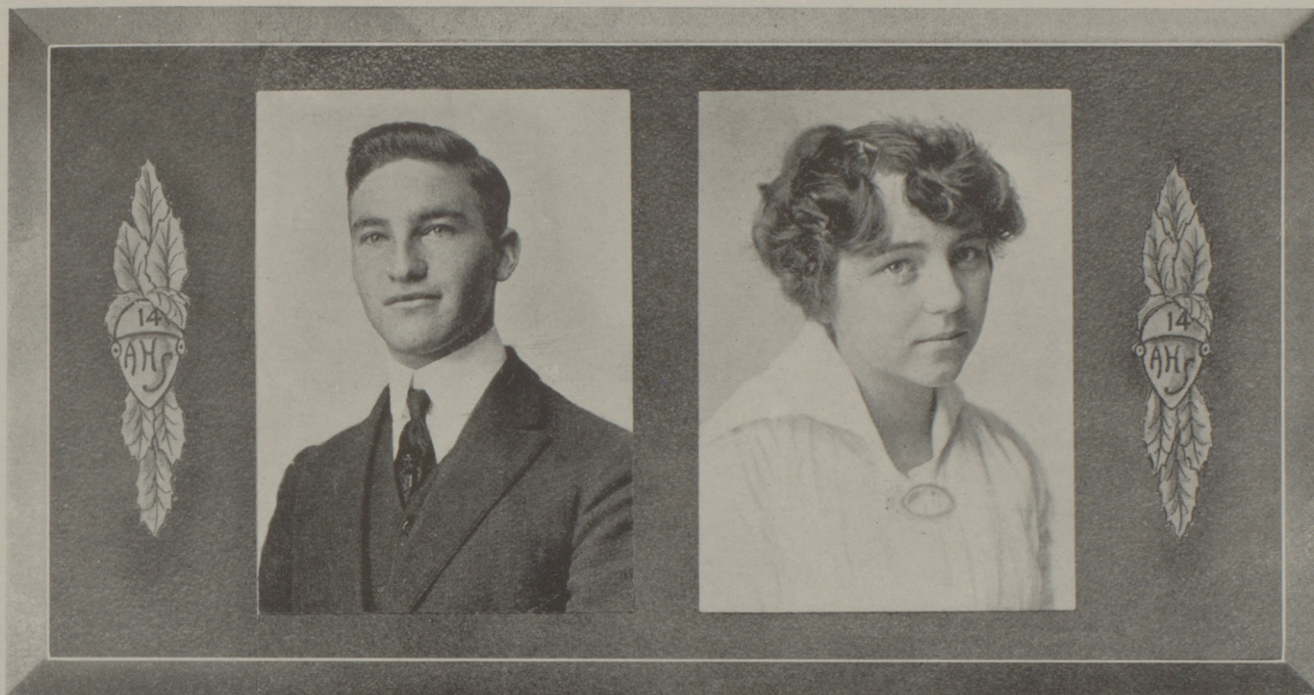
GRADUATING CLASS —





Roll of Class of December '14

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Emily Baird</i> | 11. <i>Marjorie Gaither</i> | 20. <i>Charles Mehan</i> |
| 2. <i>Marjorie Brooks</i> | 12. <i>George Vernon Griffiths</i> | 21. <i>George Harold Meyer Jr.</i> |
| 3. <i>Arthur Merrill Brown Jr.</i> | 13. <i>Jennie Gutier</i> | 22. <i>Marie Murray</i> |
| 4. <i>Morris Richard Clark</i> | 14. <i>Henry Hinch</i> | 23. <i>Spencer Schmidt</i> |
| 5. <i>Muriel Cohen</i> | 15. <i>Dorris Ives</i> | 24. <i>Flora Skinner</i> |
| 6. <i>Walter C. Dessauer</i> | 16. <i>Alrica Jamison</i> | 25. <i>Jeanne Sturtevant</i> |
| 7. <i>Raymond Joseph Durney</i> | 17. <i>Florence Jackson</i> | 26. <i>Leland Warren Sweeney</i> |
| 8. <i>Bruce Farrington</i> | 18. <i>Gertrude Lurvey</i> | 27. <i>Samuel W. Terry</i> |
| 9. <i>Anita Fish</i> | 19. <i>Elva McKimmons</i> | 28. <i>Dora Tillman</i> |
| 10. <i>Elizabeth Frater</i> | | 29. <i>Hiller Zobel</i> |

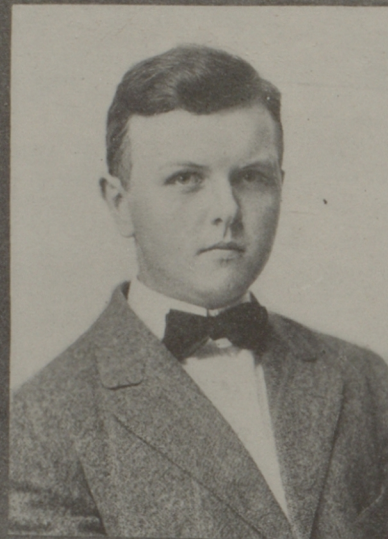


HILLER ZOBEL
PRESIDENT

MARJORIE BROOKS
VICE-PRESIDENT



ELISABETH FRATER
SECRETARY



SPENCER SCHMIDT
TREASURER



ALRICA JAMISON
CLASS EDITOR



LELAND SWEENEY
CLASS REPRESENTATIVE

DORIS IVES
CLASS REPRESENTATIVE

WALTER DESSAUER
CLASS EDITOR



JENNIE GUTTER



BRUCE FARRINGTON



JEANNE STURTEVANT



VERNON GRIFFITTS

EMILY BAIRD

CHARLES MEHAN



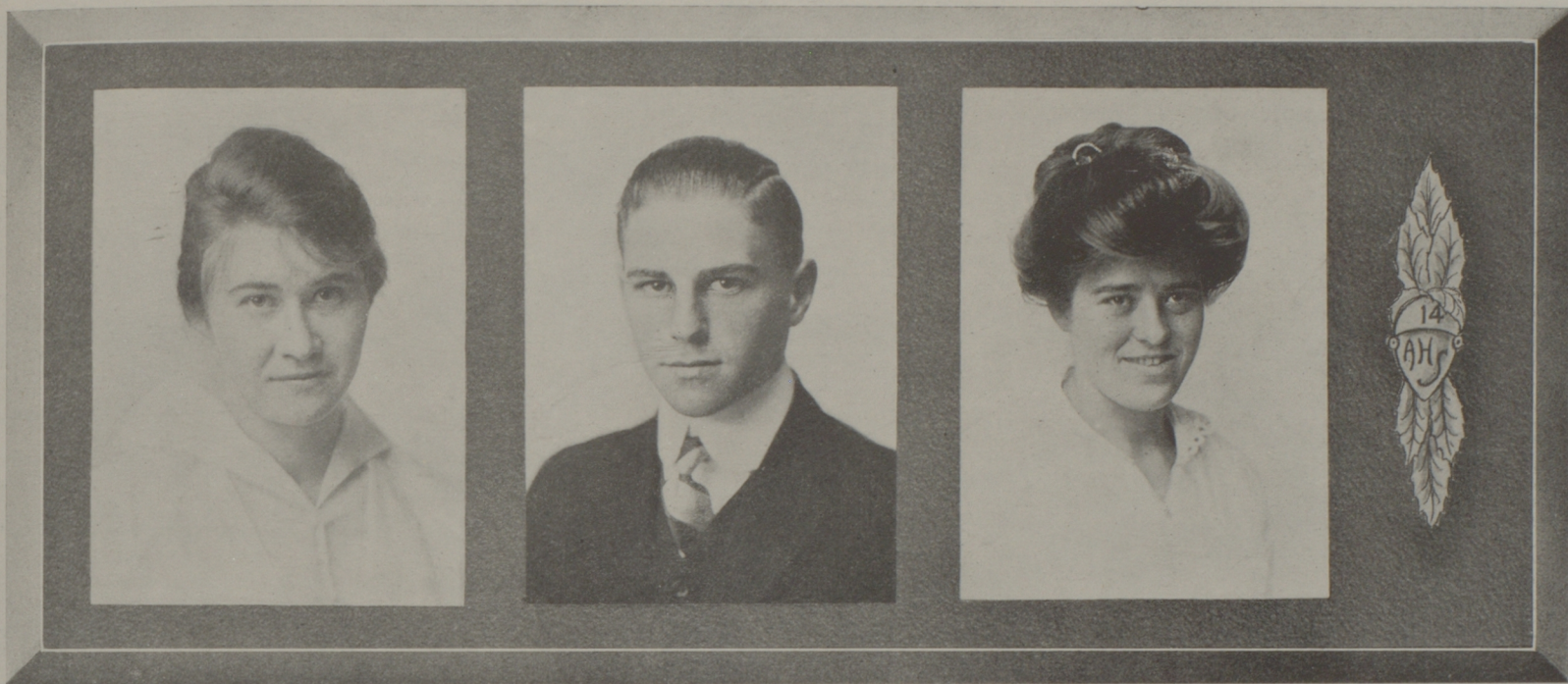
ELVA McKIMMONS



MORRIS CLARK



MURIEL COHEN



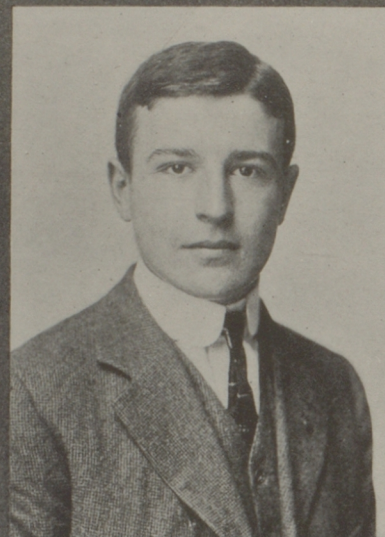
DORA TILLMAN

RAYMOND DURNEY

MARIE MURRAY



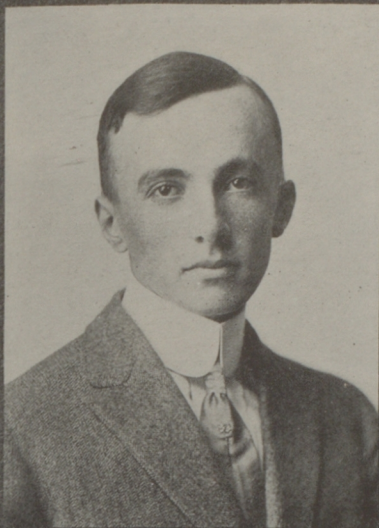
FLORENCE JACKSON



MERRILL BROWN



ANITA FISH



HENRY HINCK



GERTRUDE LURVEY



GEORGE MEYER





MARJORIE GAITHER



SAMUEL TERRY



FLORA SKINNER



Class History



TOUR years ago, in January, 1911, the present Senior Class began its daily pilgrimage to the High School. We were a noisy band of Freshmen, caring more for fun than hard study. We were called green, but there is consolation in knowing that each Freshman class gets a worse reputation and is scorned as smaller in stature than the last.

On August 28, 1911, of our High Freshman term, we had our first class meeting, and elected the following officers:— President, Dean Perkins; Vice-President, Marion Murphy; Secretary, Mary Dunbar; Class Editor, Don Pearson. During this term we held second place in the interclass swimming meet held at Surf Beach.

One year elapsed, and our "green" days were passed. During the tribulations of the first year many classmates perished by the wayside.

In our "High Soph." term we elected the following officers: President, Ed. Bates; Vice-President, Dorothy Baum; Secretary, Mary Dunbar; Class Editor, Bruce Farrington. We were a very business-like band, working diligently and producing many celebrities, as Zobel and Sweeney, who talked a great deal about nothing, and Pearson, who collected A. S. A. H. S. dues and everything else in sight.

At last we reached the Junior year, where we at least, gained the respect of the Freshmen. Again came the duty of electing officers. These were: President, Gardner Pond; Vice-President, Hildegard Van Brunt; Secretary, Jeanne Stur-

tevant; Class Editor, George Meyer; Class Representatives, Doris Ives, Don Pearson.

Our Senior year began in January, 1914, with the following officers: President, Leland Sweeney; Vice-President, Margery Gaither; Treasurer, George Meyer; Secretary, Alrica Jamison; Class Representatives, Sam Terry, Jeanne Sturtevant; Class Editor, M. Brown. The Freshmen Reception was given by the girls and proved a pleasant success. The program included an original skit, entitled, "Just a Little Fun."

Early in the term we gave the play, "His Excellency the Governor." Hiller Zobel, manager, worked with his assistants, Henry Hinck, Walter Dessauer, and Merrill Brown, in the business part; while the cast worked with its coach perseveringly to make the performance a success. The profit was \$155.

In August, we entered upon our High Senior term, with only a half mile more to run and the goal, graduation, in sight. Our officers are: President, Hiller Zobel; Vice-President, Marjorie Brooks; Secretary, Elizabeth Frater; Treasurer, Spencer Schmidt; Class Representatives, Leland Sweeney, Doris Ives; Class Editors, Walter Dessauer, Alrica Jamison. The term so far has been a wonderful one, full of pep. On "one wonderful night" the boys exhibited their talent in the art of painting, some gaining famous results and recognition. About a week later, a sequel to "one wonderful night" appeared in the shape of a luncheon, arranged by the girls, on the bright green lawn about the high school.

CLASS HOROSCOPE

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE SONG	IDEAL	DESTINY
"Em" Baird	Reserved	Hasn't any	Giving treatments for the class	Blushing	"Holy City"	Dr. Brush	Adviser of angels
"Midge" Brooks	Striking	"He's all the class in the world"	Staying in at night(?)	Getting cases	"Who Were You With Last Night?"	"Al. Rea"	Old maid
"Fat" Brown	Childish	"I'll tell you the Answer"	Studying	Motoring in his electric	"Who Spilt the Paint Down Father's Neck?"	A big piece of anything to eat	Vice- President
"Clarkie" Clark	Stylish	"Now, I'll show you how to do that"	Tipping the tall, high ones	Tearing off comedy in H. S. English	"All He Does Is Follow Them Around"	William Randolph Hearst	Spanish athlete
"Mu" Cohen	Sassy	"Whacha, get in your ex"	Cutting English	Getting mad at people	"Absent"	T. M.	Ballet dancer
"Spees" Dessauer	Amiable	"Bet it is"	Making speeches	Studying German	"The High Cost of Loving"	Harrison Fisher	President of the Painters' Union
"Daffy Durney	Grand	"Come, you seven"	Talking to Mr. Cohen	All the girls	"Oh, You Little Blue- Eyed Baby"	Ben Benas	Bar tender
"Tough" Farrington	Independent	"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"	Playing the "pianny"	Getting 1's	"He's a Devil"	Ferris Hartman	Movie actor
A. Fish	Fishy	"..... and everything"	Getting caught	Nibbling	"By the Sea"	Any shark	The hook
"Lizzie" Frater	Capable	"Well, you see"	Studying	Playing ragtime(?)	"Please Go Away and Let Me Study"	"Paderewski"	Lady cop

CLASS HOROSCOPE

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE SONG	IDEAL	DESTINY
"Peggy" Gaither	Saintly (?)	"I bet four dollars and five cents..."	Giggling	Mixing dates	"On the Sands of Rio Nido"	St. Patrick	Bell hop
"Dude" Griffiths	"All Dolled Up"	"Wanna buy a magazine?"	Brushing the dust off his clothes	Knowing too much History	"You Will Find Me Where the Girls Are, Mother, Dear"	Hart, Schaffner and Marx	Selling automobiles
"Goo" Gutter	Pert	"Oh, shoot!"	Swimming	Taking easy subjects	"Splash Me"	Nell Schmidt	Salvation Army leader
"Heinrich" Hinck	Lanky	"Hey! Know your History"	Getting ads for "Acorn"	Riding in his Ford	"Get out and get under—"	Kaiser Wilhelm	Fat man in the show
"Cutie" Ives	Studious (?)	"Gee! It's fierce"	Arguing	Too many to tell	"Movin' in de Bes' Society"	Dame Fashion	Mannikin
"Fuzzy" Jackson	Fiery	"Ah, my com- plexion!"	Acting	Cramming Chem.	"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"	Fred Carlyle	Teacher of care of the complexion
"Al" Jamison	Stately	"Ah, what's the dif."	Doing for others	Whispering in History	"Take It Nice and Easy"	Mrs. Pankhurst	Suffragette
"Gert" Lurvy	Demure	"I don't know, kid"	Hunting bugs for Zoo	Knowing too much English	"Chinatown"	John Bunny	Missionary to China
G. H. Meyer	Muscular	"Pass that good cake"	Taking seven subjects	Wearing his hat on his nose	"I Want a Little Loving, Now and Then"	"Em"	Social Scientist
"Red" Mehan	Bashful	"Why should I do it?"	Playing football	Going to dances	"Where Did You Get That Girl"	Chas. Kaiser	Tailor's model

CLASS HOROSCOPE

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE SONG	IDEAL	DESTINY
"May" Murray	Good-Natured	"Oh, sugar!"	Wasting her breath	Gunning	"Tickling the ivories"	Norman	Red Cross nurse a college of broken hearts
"Eva" McKimmons	Happy	"I think so."	Talking	Her temper	"I'll Get You"	Crane Wilbur	Movie actress
"Tub Spencer" Schmidt	Skinny	"Aw, cut your kidding"	Talking about the debaters	Taking anti-thin medicine	"Nobody Loves a Fat Man"	"Fuzzy"	Soap box orator
"Flo" Skinner	Plump	"Huh! Six guesses"	Breaking hammocks	Getting fussed	"I want to Be in Frisco With"	Office boy	Metal worker
"Wink" Sturtevant	Pugnacious	"Gee! That lesson's hard"	Kidding	Flirting	"He's a Wonderful, Wonderful Boy"	"Harry"	Tango teacher
"Kid" Sweeney	Tough	"The Seals are there"	Wearing a straw lid	Doing the farmers	"Yankee Doodle"	Admiral Dewey	General (Delivery)
"Scat" Terry	Haughty	"The meeting will please come to order"	Kidding the teachers	Talking to Wink	"I Love to Be Among the Girls"	Hiram Johnson	Private detective
"Do" Tillman	Careless	"It makes me sick"	Chewing gum	Worrying	"Gaby Glide"	"Gaby"	Chorus girl
"Bock" Zobel	Dignified	"Where's that paint remover?"	Selling real estate	Announcing Star and Key Meetings	"Oh! My Love"	"Cutie"	Peanut vender

A Wonderful Night

Sssss—Snore— $Vr(2r-V4r^2-S^2)$ multiplied by $Vr^2-\frac{1}{4}-S^2(3.14159)$ equals H_2SO_4 plus the mass divided by the volume minus,—BRRR—"Gee! There goes the alarm. It's eleven o'clock. Golly! That certainly was a strange dream. I'd better hurry up and get dressed or the fellows will wonder where the paint is. Here's the paint and a brush; guess I'm ready to start.

"Hello, George, hello, Zobel, where are the rest of the fellows? Across the street, you say. Where are you two going? Oh, up to the school to see if any one is there. Hello, Hinck, hello Red. You'd better not do any painting, Swecney, or you'll get into trouble. Here come the fellows back to report,"

"Heh, Dessauer, some one's painting the building already, so we'd better hurry up and get to work. Well, we'll beat them up if they want to start anything."

"Here's some Juirs at work now. They are certainly making a punk job out of it. Swipe their brushes and paint. They won't start anything. Let Scat talk to them, that'll keep them quiet. Come on, Brown, up to the top, so we can move the roof ladders on the other side. Quiet, now, you're making too much noise."

"Heh, Specs, go easy on the racket."

"Come on, Heinrich, hand up the paint. You'd better hold it, Brown, while we smear the stuff on the building. All right; where's my brush. Start the painting."

"Heh, you fellows down below, how is this getting to look? Pretty classy, huh? Don't let those December, '15, kids start anything.

"What!! Somebody coming in a wagon? Keep low, Oh, gee! only a milkman making his rounds.

"No, you '15 guys, you don't do any painting on the school building. Little boys should be seen and not heard. Yes, we'll lend you a little paint to paint the basketball pole.

"All right, leave the roof-ladders down, so no one else can get up. That's right. Gee! Some of the fellows daubed up the rest of the building, all right.

"Hey, gimme a little of that turpentine. I could get the paint off my clothes with a shovel. We'd better beat it, now, as it's about one o'clock.

"Come on up to Heinrich's, and get some Hydro Pura. That ought to take the paint off your hands.

"Thanks for these packages of Hydro, Heinie. Comin' up this way, fellows? No. Well, I'll see you all tomorrow at school."

"So long."

The Daily Scratch

No. 6,430,000

DEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS

Your Own Price

LATEST WARTIME NEWS FROM THE BATTLE LINE!!

The Good Ship "School" Sunk The Royal Boat "Graduation."

(Special to the "Scratch" by the longest wire in Alameda.) December 17, 1914.—During the day the greatest battle in history took place. One man was killed when his auto ran into a tree and another while stealing fruit was shot full of buckshot by an enraged farmer. The French captured England, the Germans captured France, the Danes captured the shores of Italy, and the **High Seniors** after a terrific battle captured the whole crowd. The **High Seniors** are therefore the undisputed masters of the universe.

ALAMEDA AN UP-TO- DATE, PROGRESSIVE TOWN.

Two Prominent Citizens to Open Up New Business.

Leland Sweeney, one of our most prominent citizens, will open a cannery in connection with another famous personage, Sam Hardin. So much experience has been gained by these unsophisticated men in the last six months that the business cannot fail. Future flag-raisers may apply for jobs during the summer vacations.

POLITICAL NOTICE.

Brown for Poundman—All dogs vote for him, so get in line.

WOMEN DETAINED IN EUROPE.

Owing to the war, several prominent people have been detained in Ireland. The most important of these are the Misses Muriel Cohen, Elizabeth Frater and Marie Murray. They are sending in their ex's by wireless, however, so will graduate with the Class of '14.

FOOTBALL!!

Charles "Red" Mehan, the shining light of the class who has supported the football team so nobly this term, will go into the trunk business when he graduates. He will deliver trunks from Park street to all parts of Alameda at \$8.75 per trunk.

APPOINTMENT OF AM- BASSADOR TO TAMALE LAND.

The Hon. Bruce Farrington has just been appointed Ambassador to our neighboring country, Mexico. The Hon. Mr. Bruce may be remembered as a famous Spanish scholar in the A. H. S. He is to be congratulated on attaining his high position. It is said he favors an import tax on Mexican tamales.

MISS MARIE MURRAY— MANICURIST.

Hydro-Pura for Sale
HENRY HINCK, Agent
Best for All Household
Purposes

THE DAILY SCRATCH

Published Before It Comes Out

The Staff.

Editor... "SPECS" DESSAUER
Manager..... "AL" JAMISON

EDITORIAL.

This is a good time to give advice to future secretaries of the A. S. A. H. S. Each term a rough and tumble should be staged in the school, all boy students taking part. During the fracas many things will be lost, including class-pins, ties, and money. These should be gathered up by the secretaries and sold, thereby filling the coffers of the school. Also bandages and plaster might be peddled around to the wounded students. If more money were needed the rough-and-tumble might be staged in the A. H. S. gymnasium, and outsiders be made to pay admission.

Artistic Marine Drawings
by
ANITA FISH

DRAMATICS!!!!

Introducing that wonderful domestic play, "The Hen-Pecked Husband." This super-human performance ran for 1/4 of a night at the "Oak" theatre, and then the cast had to run from an enraged audience. This splendid continuous running makes the show a great success.

The leading role is well taken by Sam Algeron Terry. He stars in the role of a hen-pecked husband, and is a retired shovel manufacturer.

Miss Ethel Carlton Sturtevant is admirable in the role of the domineering wife. The cast is as follows:

Percy.....Algeron Terry
Maude.....Ethel Sturtevant
Mother-in-law.....Flora Skinner

THE GERMANS RECRUIT
TROOPS FROM A. H. S.

Spencer Schmidt has been recalled to Deutschland to fight for his country. Our little Spencer certainly makes a fine target.

SUFFRAGETTE MEETING
TONIGHT

Miss Margery Gaither will preside over the Suffragette meeting tonight, which will discuss "The Easiest Way to Part a Loving Husband From His Pay Envelope."

Admission free. Contribution only a dollar.

ROWING.

Miss Florence Jackson has attained high honors in the women's rowing world by defeating Miss Muriel Cohen, the former championship holder of Bay Farm Island. The race was hard and was won by Miss Jackson after a long and strenuous battle.

Magazines of All Kinds
Get Them From
VERNON GRIFFITTS

ALRICA JAMISON
Hair-dressing Parlors
Combings Made Up
9167 Park St.

LECTURE AT 2:30.

Mr. George Meyer will get us off at two-thirty today in order to give a lecture, "The Best Way to Get Along Without Work in School." He is thoroughly acquainted with his subject. All are invited.

STUDENT SUBSTAINS SEVERE ACCIDENT.

"Red" Mehan will be laid up for a couple of weeks owing to the fact that his foot was smashed in a practice game. He was running with the ball when L. Sweeney's head knocked against "Red's" foot and in consequence thereof that limb was severely mashed. Several splinters were taken out of Charlie's leg after the accident.

Situations Wanted—Female.
Wanted—A job by quick lunch waitress in any first class cafeteria. Am fully able to hold this position. \$24 a week expected. Apply Elva McKimmons.

Lost and Found.

Lost—Every day, sixth period, "Bock" Zobel's "Cherman Buch." Please return immediately, as "Bock" wants to look up the meaning of "Niemand zu hause."

Lost—One piece of gum, said gum having been chewed only 34 hours. It behooves the finder to return said gum to its owner, Merrill Brown. No questions asked.

Lost—A gray goat, rather mythical, in its appearance. When last seen it was wandering around room 14. Miss Frater would be glad to receive any information regarding this dear little pet. A reward will be paid for its return. This is a good chance for all detectives.

Found—Considerable light red paint, probably forgotten by some Junior. Owner may have same by paying for this ad (\$4) and identifying property. Apply to V. Griffiths.

**DAILY SCRATCH ADS PAY
3 LINES 3 TIMES—15 Cents.**

**A FAMOUS ACTRESS
ROBBED OF PRECIOUS
JEWELS.**

**Daring Theft Took Place Be-
tween 9:45 and Quarter of
Ten Thursday Night.**

Miss Marjory Brooks, the rising young actress of the New Alameda Theatre, was made the victim of a sensational robbery of her jewels. When the theft occurred the victim was the guest at dinner of Miss Astorholt Lurvy. Miss Dora Holmes Tillman was present at the high society function, but the famous jewels disappeared from under her nose without her acquiring a single clue.

Mr. Sherlock Durney, the press agent of the actress, says that the jewels are priceless. "Daffy" is working on the clue that the jewels were left on the dressing table by Miss Marjory.

Morris Clark worried himself not over such trifling matters as jewels, but instead kept on taking all the liquid refreshments in sight.

Jennie Gutter, the popular novelist, said that she had no clue, but that she thought the jewels were glue—er—er—paste.

However, Miss Emily Baird is on the trail of those precious joils and hopes to recover them.

—o—
WALTER DESSAUER
Spectrum Analysis, a Specialty
—o—
**IN THE SCRATCH'S
LETTER BOX.**

All letters address to this department must have sender's name attached or they will receive no consideration.
Editor "Daily Scratch":

Dear Sir:—I am in favor of Girls' Athletics. I think girls show fine form in any athletic pursuit. Consider swimming. One has to admit the girls displayed fine shape after the race. What are your views on the matter?

CLARK.

[We are with you there, old boy; you said a mouthful.—Ed.]

Dear Editor:—

Recently I have been greatly annoyed by the attention of a young man I do not particularly care for. He waves his arms at me in a most undignified manner. Tell me how to spurn his amorous advances.
"WINK" STURTEVANT.

[You are wrong; he is not trying to flirt with you. You have merely been a witness to our ambitious young yell leader practicing his yells.—Ed.]

—o—
Dear Sir:—

Lately I have been a witness to many strange phenomena. Returning from San Francisco the other evening, I saw several snakes crawling on the train. Then I saw several wild animals roaming in the streets. Can you offer any explanation for these queer occurrences?

"D. T." TERRY.

[Too many cocktails is the only explanation we can find. A week or so on the water-wagon and you will be O.K.—Ed.]

"His Excellency the Governor"

THE present High Senior Class has no regrets when it looks back upon the offering which it presented to the Alameda High School during its Low Senior term.

"His Excellency the Governor" was a success from all standpoints. The class was netted a nice sum from the play, and the audience was delighted with the ability of the actors. Financially, the class deserves a great deal of credit. They supported Manager Hiller Zobel in boosting the play to the limit of their ability. Too many thanks cannot be given to Mr. Carlyle, the coach, who worked hard and brought out the best in the actors.

With the help of Miss Todd's Orchestra, the play was made a finished product.

The cast of characters was as follows:

His Excellency Sir Montagn Martin (Governor of the Amandaland Islands).....MORRIS CLARK

The Right Honorable Henry Carlton.....WALTER DESSAUER
Captain Charles Carew, A. D. C. (on His Excellency's Staff)DON PEARSON

Mr. John Baverstock (Private Secretary).....MERRILL BROWN
Captain Rivers, of the Midland Fusiliers.....GEORGE MEYERS

Major Kildare, of the Midland Fusiliers.....BRUCE FARRINGTON

Mrs. Wenthworth-Bolingbroke.....MARGERY GAITHER
Ethel CarltonJEANNE STURTEVANT

Stella De Gex.....MARJORIE BROOKS

Mrs. FiskFLORENCE JACKSON

A SentryCHARLES MEHAN

A ButlerSPENCER SCHMIDT

Such is Life

Wen de sun is shinin' brightly,
Wen yu' lik' tew stop an' fule,
When it's swell t' go un swimmin',
That's de time yu go ta skule;

Wen de rain is rainin' awful,
An' de waves are dashed t' foam,
On Saturday it's always dat way,
'Cause dat's de time ya stay at home;

But wen de kids are playin' baseball
An' ya know ya cannot shirk,
Wen re kids are goin' swimmin',
Dat's de time ya hafta work;

Ev'ry single Sat'rday mornin',
It's "feed the chickens, milk de cow,"
Ain't it awful? Kin ya beat it?
Aw, wot's de use a livin' now!

"VERN" GRIFFITTS.



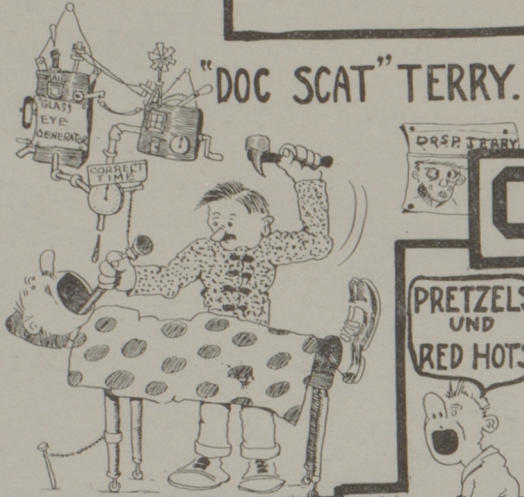
"COP SPECS"
DESSAUER.



"SENATOR"
CLARKE.



"DOC SCAT" TERRY.

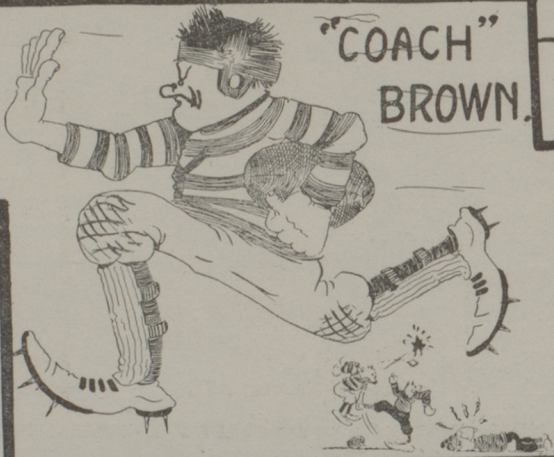


CLASS '14'N'41.

PRETZELS
UND
RED HOTS



"COACH"
BROWN.

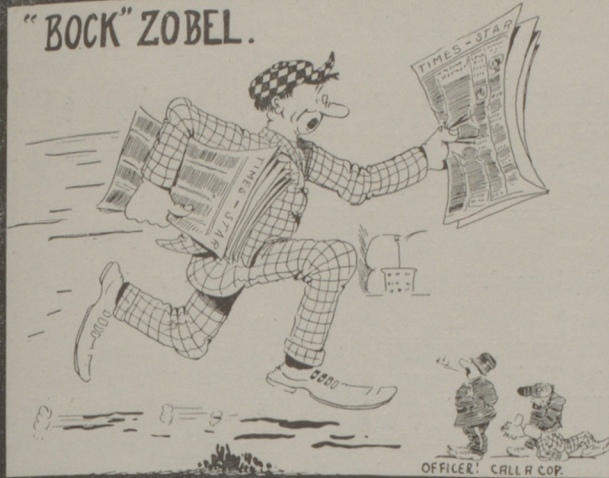


GUESS WHO
THIS IS-???



WE DON'T FORGET THE GIRLS

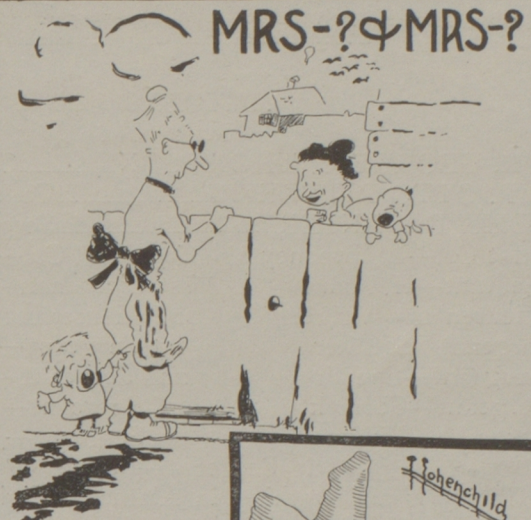
"BOCK" ZOBEL.



"TUB" SPENCER
SCHMIDT.



MRS-? & MRS-?



"RED"
MEHAN.



"CAPT. KID"
SWEENEY.



"TOUGH"
FARRINGTON.



"SEÑOR"
MEYER.



Military

OFFICERS

Staff

DR. GEORGE C. THOMPSON.....	Cadet Major
MR. OTTO RITTLER.....	Cadet Adjutant
JOHN D. GANSER.....	Sergeant Major
Capt. 1st Co.—L. Sweeney	Capt. 2nd Co.—C. Shepardson
1st Lieutenant—H. Kahn	1st Lieutenant—N. Neal
2nd Lieutenant—Volberg	2nd Lieutenant—I. Cockroft
1st Sergeant—Souther	1st Sergeant—Lorentzen
2nd Sergeant—Speddy	2nd Sergeant—McKimmons
3rd Sergeant—Cornick	3rd Sergeant—Griffiths
4th Sergeant—Buben	4th Sergeant—Johnansen
	5th Sergeant—Payne

Military is a new thing in Alameda High School and is doing very well. Most of the students have taken a great interest in it and have surely made it a success.

We have about one hundred and seven members in both companies, making it the head battalion of the East Bay schools.

When Military was first started it was thought by all that it would never progress very far, as such a thing is very hard to keep going. But I think it will prove a great help to the High School and will continue.

Next year I hope all the students will take an interest in this organization and make it a permanent institution in the Alameda High School.

The cadets have been having target practice under the supervision of Lieutenant von Schmidt of Company "G," National Guards. This is a great advantage to the students of the Alameda High School, as there are not very many Military companies in the high schools of this county.

The highest score which has been made so far is 23 out of a possible 25, which was made by W. Kirk. The cadets have really shown up fine for the first practice they had, and if they keep this up they will surely win some trophies in competition with other high schools of this county.

—"JEFF" GANSER, Sergeant Major.



SCHOOL NOTES



G. SIOKE



The Calendar of the Semester



JULY—

- 30—'Ray! 'Ray! School opens; everybody happy(?).
31—One Freshman stepped on. Badly crushed.

AUGUST—

- 2—"Tiny" Bates goes calling in the afternoon, stays for tea, and then some.
3—Supreme Court (otherwise known as Dr. Thompson) dissolves Joseph Book Trust.
4—First football turnout. Lots of pep and good prospects.
6—O. Searing comes to school with his hair combed. Faculty almost declares holiday.
7—Mr. Hinchman proposes the establishing of a cadet corps.
9—First Administrative Board meeting. Editor and Manager of "Acorn" elected.
11—Military officers elected. Captain John D. Ganser in command.
12—G. Weeden, eminent scientist, elected President of Astronomy Club.
Mr. Agard gives splendid piano recital in Study Hall.
14—First military turnout. Recruiting Officer Sweeney besieged by patriotic Freshmen.
15—Prof. Jacobs teaches the "Farmers' Walk" at the Alameda Venice. Office hours, 8-12.
17—First student meeting. A. S. A. H. S. cards out. Wm. Brewer "honors" school with his presence.

- 18—Freshman reception for girls at Adelphian Hall.

- 19—1 P. M., Doc announces that Athletics are compulsory; also that "he is from Missouri."
4 P. M., Brown's "Invincibles" lose to Lincoln Grammar School.

- 20—"Hap" Hogan announces "A. H. S. fellows worst crabs he has ever seen."
21—Piano recital in Study Hall.
22—Captain Ganser receives touching appeal from Kaiser Wilhelm for aid of A. H. S. Cadets.
23—Certain energetic students remove K. Speddy's "noisy" socks.
24—High Seniors decorate new building. Battle in yard follows, in which Seniors lose neckties.
25—Holden wears new suit to school. "Neat but not gaudy"(??).
26—Many tramps in corduroys come to school.
28—Miss Quill dances at Student Meeting. Snooky enjoys entertainment.
29—First football game. Alameda loses to Lowell, 13-5. Seniors remove beautiful "decorations" from new building.
31—Administrative Board meeting. Editor and Manager of "Oak Leaf" elected.
SEPTEMBER—
1—"September Morn's" birthday.
Sweeney and Hardin "interview" Board of Education.

- 2—Stag rally in Study Hall. New Coach speaks (also Hoimen).
- 4—Townsend and Sweeney go in training for coming bout.
- 5—Alameda loses to Cogswell, 8-0.
- 7-8-9—Vacation!!!
- 10—(See September 4) Sporting Extra! "Farmer" Sweeney defeats "Gunboat" Townsend in fourth round at A. H. S. Gymnasium.
- 11—Latham and Neal give dance at Adelphian Hall.
- 12—Game scheduled with St. Mary's called off at last moment.
- 14—Girls' picked by Mr. Rittler for first rowing crew.
- 15—Cadets receive guns, swords, etc.
Lynch elected Captain of second team football.
- 16—Alameda High defeats Lick, 37-0, at Lincoln Park. Capt. Von Schmidt plays great game.
First try-out for Elk Show. "Battling Hoiman" renders a solo.
- 17—"Second Varsity" defeats Lincoln Grammar School, 18-0.
- 18—10:30 A. M., Seniors hold pie sale at recess.
11:30 A. M., Snooky Etter feels "indisposed."
- 19—Football team goes to the University with Rittler.
(See August 24) Seniors continue painting job.
- 22—Second team defeats Richmond High, 12-4.
Executive Committee meeting.
7:45 P. M., Boys' Chorus meets for Elks' Show.
- 23—Rowing crew give sandwich sale.
Freshman girls hear concert.
- 24—Alameda High defeats St. Ignatius, 65-0.
Perkins, Larkin, and Captain Von Schmidt star.
- 25—Boys' Chorus meet at Elks' Club for practice.
- 28—Students get poor marks, no studying owing to the many efforts of the "fire bug."
- 29—Rooters' caps arrive. Rush on bank ensues.

- 30—Student meeting for purpose of arousing "pep" for Elks' Show. The speakers were Doctor Thompson, Coach Rittler, Superintendent DuFour, and Manager Rus Haskins.
(See September 28) Freshmen hot on the trail of the fire bug.

OCTOBER—

- 1—Short meeting in Assembly Hall to talk over European Christmas Relief Ship.
- 2—(See September 29) Many speckled beauties seen in yard in new chapeau.
- 3—Alameda defeats Palo Alto High, 21-3, in a brilliant fast game.
- 5—(See September 30) Aha! (Much mystery). Brilliant Freshman announces that he suspects A. Aster of being "fire bug."
- 6—Doris Ives seen walking to school with strange young man.
- 7—Alas! It is the redoubtable Jonathan Tibbits fascinating another one of the fair sex.
- 8—Packages all sent in for Christmas Relief Ship.
- 9—Horrors! Oh! Horrors! Daffy Durney's hair is mussed.
- 10—A. H. S. second team loses to Deaf and Dumb Institute.
"Fighting Bill" Redman badly bitten.
- 12—H. Zobel falls down and steps on his lip.
- 12-13-14-15—Vacation!
- 17—Alameda and Oakland play tie game, 0-0, at Berkeley.
- 18—Alameda now on equal with any school around the bay; league championship prospects good.
- 19—Student meeting to arouse pep for show. Mr. Haskins, Superintendent Du Four, Mr. Evans and Doctor Thompson speak.

- 20—Show is a great success, financially and otherwise; house pasked, entertainment voted best show ever given by the Alameda High School.
- 21—N. Laidlaw doesn't speak all day. Discovered! How could he? His hands were tied.
- 22—Holiday given for Perkins to get a shave.
- 23—Boys hear lecture on railroading by Mr. Athern. Girls hear lecture at Arelphian Hall. Subject, "Vocations for Women."
- 24—Game with Berkeley called off.
- 25—Alameda High School assists Encinal Yacht Club in season's closing exercises.
- 26—Grace Bradford **declines** to debate for Prohibition in Commercial Law.
- 27—Burt Wilcox joins ranks of A. H. S. Bachelors. League meeting; Alameda decides to stay in league; game with Oakland scheduled.
- 28—Mr. Evans wears a new suit.
- 29—Harry Etter seen approaching school with new hat and new grin.
- 30—Big rally in Study Hall for pep for Oakland game and Senior Show.
- 31—10 A. M., Alameda defeats Oakland, 10-0, in the fastest prep school game of the year.
9 P. M., all the little Freshmen under the leadership of Brown steal gates, ring doorbells, etc. Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER—

- 2—Impromptu serpentine in yard and street for Oakland game. Ends in disaster.
- 3—'Ray for the man who invented elections! School dismissed at 2:30. Many youthful politicians discovered, H.

- Hogan and J. Tibbets among them.
- 4—Everybody on good behavior. San Jose Board of Education here on a visit.
- 5—Doc. Thompson severely reprimands all those who took part in forbidden rally.
- 6—Big rally for Berkeley game. Very peppy. Major Tilden presents school with cup.
- 7—Alameda defeated by Berkeley, 17-0, for league championship.
- 9—Tickets for Senior Show reserved. Every one in cast busy for last week rehearsals.
- 10—Second team loses to Grammar School All-Stars, 3-0. J. Ganser's 40-yard run feature of day.
- 11—Football team has picture taken, then disbands. Bud Larkin elected football captain for 1915.
- 12—10:30 A. M., Candy sale at recess.
2:30 P. M., Mr. Dillman talks to boys in Study Hall.
8:30 P. M., Final rehearsal for Senior Show.
- 13—Senior Show at Adelphian Hall.
- 16—December, '14, ACORN (best ever) goes to press.
- 20—Student body meeting.
- 30—Nominations for next term's officers.

DECEMBER—

- 1—Last month's work begins. Everybody gay and joyous.
- 4—Election of officers.
- 7—ACORN arrives at school.
- 14—Student body meeting.
- 22—Graduation exercises (O. U. sheepskin).
- 23—School over at last.
Installation of officers of Student Body.
Senior Dance.
Vacation! Vacation!! Vacation!!!

Lectures -- Talks -- Musicals

The Visit of the San Jose Board of Education

Superintendent Du Four and the Alameda Board of Education entertained the members of the San Jose Board and the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Alex. Sheriffs, on November fourth, at a luncheon planned and served by the Domestic Science department of Alameda High. During the morning the party visited our various elementary schools, which they complimented highly.

At a quarter after twelve luncheon was served in the kindergarten room of Ported School. Helen Bruton, Margaret Calcutt, Anna Hansen, and Ruth Hendrickson acted as waitresses for the occasion. The decorations, supervised by Miss Hazel Abernathy, were yellow and white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. In the center of the table was a large gilded basket of fruit surrounded by autumn foliage, and at the place of each guest were flowers of the school colors. The place and menu cards and the almond boxes (work of the Art department) were acorn designs with the monogram of the High School in gold letters on a white back.

During the luncheon an enjoyable program was furnished by Margaret Temple, Carol Higby, Geraldine Traphagen, Jeanne Sturtevant, Esther Bruton, Elsie Hebrank, Mignon Henrici, and Grace Bradford, the Ukelele girls who have gained much distinction for the part they have taken in school activities during the term.

The following menu was prepared by the girls under the able direction of Miss Belle Rosenthal:

Salted Almonds	Sardellen Canapé.	Olives
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Potatoes Anna	Consommé a la Royal	
Almond Conserve	Finger Rolls	
Cheese	Broiled Chicken	Stuffed Baked Squash
	Poinsettia Salad	Rusks
	Individual Strawberry Shortcake	Crackers
Cheese	Black Coffee	
	Fruit	Candy

The rest of the afternoon was spent in visiting the High School.

Mr. Hinchman's Talk

On August seventh, Mr. Hinchman of the Adjutant-General's office gave an interesting talk upon the subject of a Cadet Corps to be founded at Alameda High School. Mr. Hinchman spoke from actual experience and his talk made a decided appeal to the students. In his remarks, Mr. Hinchman mentioned the various benefits of a Military System and told of the distinction it would bring to Alameda High School. The speech was especially appreciated because Mr. Hinchman spoke from first-hand knowledge. As we all know, a system such as suggested has since been successfully inaugurated to our betterment.

Mr. Argard's Recital

Mr. Argard played the following program to friends from Alameda and Oakland on the new concert-grand piano on the afternoon of August 14:

Prelude in D flat	Chopin
Andante Spianato	Chopin
Variations from Opus 57	Beethoven
Two Seventeenth Century Dances.....	Bach
The Smith	Brahms-Agard
In the Convent	Borodin
Paraphrase on Schubert's "The Linden Tree".....	
.....	Liszt-Rosenthal

Wright-Siegfried Program

A very enjoyable program was given in the Study Hall on August 21, by Mr. Cedric Wright and Mr. Siegfried. This was the first of the programs arranged by Mrs. Kohlmeier. Mr. Wright has recently returned from Prague, where he and his wife have been studying. Mr. Siegfried is well known in Alameda. The concert was enjoyed by all those present, and it is pleasant to think that there are more such performances in store for us, due in part to the continued interest of Mrs. Kohlmeier.

Sherwood Quartette

The second of the musical programs arranged by Mrs. Kohlmeier took place on October 27. The Sherwood Quartet consisting of Mr. Warner Sherwood, Miss Mary Sherwood, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Miss Marian Prevost rendered several selections. The program was said by many to be the best of its kind ever given at Alameda High. A rather extraordinary feature was the number by Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, who played the lute,—an instrument common in Shakespeare's and Boccaccio's day, but obsolete now. The numbers by each soloist were all beautifully rendered and received enthusiastic applause. This quartet is quite distinguished throughout the local musical world, and we should feel pleased that we have heard them perform.

The program was as follows:

1. Piano—Liebestod (from "Tristan and Isolde")..... Wagner
Miss Prevost.
2. Violin—Poem Fibich
Liebeslied Kreisler
Mr. Warner Sherwood.
3. Violoncello—Romance McDowell
Dance Popper
Miss Mary Sherwood.
4. Lute—Italian Boat Song.....
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood.

Program by Misses Roxana and Meriam Weihe

On November 25, the student body was favored with a musical program given by the Misses Roxana and Miriam Weihe. The program was well done throughout and was greatly appreciated by the student body. These two young ladies are quite talented, and their rendering of the selections was all that could be wished. This concert was the third of the series under the auspices of Mrs. Kohlmeier, and was as successful as all the previous performances. The program follows:

I.

- (a) Prelude, C Sharp Minor..... Rachmaninoff
- (b) Liebestraum Liszt
- (c) Witches Dance MacDowell

Roxana Weihe.

II.

- (a) Adagio Ries
- (b) Poem Fibich

(c) LiebesfreudKreisler

Miriam Weihe

III.

(a) PreludeChopin

(b) RhapsodyDonawji

Roxana Weihe.

IV.

(a) PasquenadeFiundelli

(b) Spanish DanceRehfield

Miriam Weihe.

Girls Hear Lecture

Professor Herrman of Mills College spoke to the girls on October 23rd. The subject was "Vocational Opportunities for Women." This talk follows the plan of the Vocational Guidance Committee, of which Miss Garretson is chairman. The talks are planned so that students who intend to take up active work upon graduating may learn of the essential requisites for success in any of the leading professions. Professor Herrmann spoke of the opening field for women in the modern world; of how the old idea of woman's position in the social scale has changed and is changing. All branches of work are now open to women, and Professor Herrmann emphasized the fact that every girl should be able to be independent, whether in later life she intended to be or not. The girls appreciated Professor Herrmann's talk.

Talk on Railroading

Mr. F. G. Athearn spoke to the boys in the Assembly Hall on "Railroading as a Profession." Mr. Athearn was thoroughly familiar with his subject. He told of the way an energetic young man could work his way up to the high-

est place in a great railroad system. He told of the necessary requirements for success, not only in the railroad profession, but in any other kind of business. He also spoke of the various good points and bad points of the railroad business. In closing, he said that any boy entering any profession should have in mind that "there is always room at the top." His talk was given in such a way as to appeal to the boys, and upon closing Mr. Athearn received a hearty round of applause.

Mr. Dillman's Address

"Responsibility and Authority" was the subject of a talk by Mr. George Dillman. Mr. Dillman is a prominent civil engineer in California and was received with great pleasure by the student body. His talk was concise and to the point. The keynote of the address seemed to be that many men are given positions of trust and responsibility without proportionate authority. Mr. Dillman enlarged on this idea and illustrated with examples from personal experience. His best illustration was that of the Panama Canal. The position of Colonel Goethals brought out his point. Mr. Dillman's talk was very clear and was of a type that "took" particularly with the students.

Lecture on Advertising

On December fourth, we are to have a talk by Mr. Henry G. Longhurst of San Francisco. His subject will be, "Advertising as a Profession." Mr. Longhurst is well known in the advertising circles of the state. Advertising is one of the new professions, and it is worth while for every young man entering the business world to investigate this new phase of business life.



PERFORMANCES:

THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

This term saw the production of the first real vaudeville show in many a year. We have had plenty of attempts to produce such shows, but this term's production demonstrated the possibilities of this form of entertainment. The affair went off smoothly from start to finish. The acts varied from a screamingly funny minstrel show to a dainty little musical skit. The dances which were performed were very clever. A sensation was produced by the living statuary act which Otto Rittler coached. It was entirely a novel feature and one which is not common to high school performances. The suc-

cess of this show is undoubtedly due to the untiring efforts of the Elks. They helped the show in every way they were able. Several of their members took leading parts in the various acts. The school takes this occasion to publicly thank the **Elk Lodge** for assisting them so materially in making the show a success.

Among the High School students who deserve great credit for the production are Russ Haskins, who looked after the financial end of the show, and all the various other students who took parts. The girls should come in for their share of the praise, too, for they took active parts. The boys as well

practiced untiringly to learn their songs and other "stunts." The show was well supported and great thanks are due those who aided it, for it placed the student body on its feet again.

The entire program was as follows:

Tambos—Fred Wilson, Harry Shed, Jeff Ganser.

Bones—Billy Varcoe, Howard DeCoursey, Neal Laidlaw.

Interlocutor—William Hammond, Jr.

Introducing—"Going Back to Georgia," "Nighttime Down in Bergundy," "On the Shores of Italy," "California and You," "Tango in the Sky."

"A Perfect Day".....Jules Didier

"Hands Off".....Jeff Ganser and Chorus

"While the River of Love Flows On".....Howard Weaver

"Nobody Cares".....Billy Varcoe and Chorus

"At Dawning".....Fred Warford

"And the Little Ford Rambled Right Along".....

.....Neal Laidlaw and Chorus

"I Have You".....Walter Cramer

"On the Old Fall River Line".....

.....Howard DeCoursey and Chorus

"Heart Bowed Down".....Ed Hollister

"Fido Is a Hot Dog Now".....Harry Shed and Chorus

"Chinatown".....Al Newman and Chorus

"Goodbye, I'm Goin'—I'm Gone".....

.....Fred Wilson and Chorus

"I Love the Whole United States".....

.....Willie Vaughan and Chorus

INTERMISSION.

Selections.....Prof. Gus Merzbach and Orchestra

Oar Drill—Misses Eleanor Sharpstein, Marion Hubbell, Elizabeth Hyal, Alma Halerow, Vera Halerow, Adeline Brown, Olive O'Leary, Beatrice O'Leary, Pearl Nichols, Martha Caltermole, Madge Boyd, Rita Kline, Julianne Raun, Helen

Thompson, Genevieve Kerdell, Anita Fish, Ethel Musgrave, Dorothy Deardorf, Bernice Jorgensen, Doris Clark, Florence Jackson, Louise Walden, Florence Sheldon, Doris Von Schoen.

Accompanied by Miss Doris Gregory.

Newman and DeCoursey in "After the Ball."

Living Statuary—"Posing Platisque," Messrs. Rittler, Hogan, Larkin, Rea and Valberg.

Ukulele Chorus—Ukulele chorus, accompanied by Miss Myrtle Leonard—Songs: Aloha Oe, Lei Lehua, Honolulu Tom Boy, Honolulu Hulu Girls; players, Elsie Hebrank, Margaret Temple, Jeanne Sturtevant, Esther Bruton, Carol Higby, Grace Bradford.

Baby Doll Dance—Accompanied by Amy Plotz—Nellie Quill, Agnes Flanagan, Ethel Rowe, Augusta Buben, Margaret Kollmyer, Margaret Felton, Margaret Moran, Virginia Grah, Bernice Helm, Edna Littlejohn, Anita Fish, Priscilla Krusi, Eugenia Hauch.

Rag Doll Dance (Burlesque)—Accompanied by David Rosen—Lyal Barnes, Earl Caya, Earle Harvey, Leonard Bargones, William Toye, Kenneth Remington, Cyril Leach, Felix Koenig, Foster Adams, Tom Bacon, Leon David.

TWO-MINUTE INTERMISSION.

"In a French Laundry," musical skit, words and music by Mary F. McDermott, copyrighted, 1913—Laundresses: Marjorie Brooks, Amy Plotz, Doris Gregory, Edith Lillemen, Florence Corcorran, Bessie Rutherford, Florence Jackson, Florence Daniels, Edna Evans. Dancers—Martha Hyde, Leah Weinstock, Margaret Boyle, Marie Busse, Viola Spence, Helen Murray, Alfreda Georgeson, Juliet Greub, Edith Nickerson, Maybelle Bangs, assisted by Reginald Vaughan, Edith Lindsay, Helen Cathro, Eugenia Braue, Phyllis Frost.

EXIT MARCH.



“Barbara Frietchie”



ON the evening of November 13, the Low Senior Class presented its semi-annual play. This play is one of the few events in which the school appears before the public, and the cast labored to make the play successful in every way. The play itself was a digression from the usual course of class productions and the Senior Class deserves much credit for the way the affair was managed. The members of the cast were coached by Mr. Carlyle, to whom much praise is due. The parts were all well taken, with Grace Bradford in the title role and Weston Volberg as the hero, the whole cast seeming to enter into the spirit of the play.

Clyde Shepardson looked after the financial end of the play, as well as taking an active character part in the performance. He was ably assisted by four members of the class, and despite the fact that the costuming and scenery expenses were considerable, the play ranks among the foremost of the financial successes of all the Senior plays.

The cast was as follows:

Barbara Frietchie	Grace Bradford
Sally Negly	Madge Boyd
Sue Royce	Gladys Cole
Laura Royce	Margaret Temple
Mrs. Hunter	Inez Drake
Mammy Lu	Loreme Rimmel
Captain Trumbull	Weston Volberg
Mr. Frietchie	Olaf Snyder
Colonel Negly	Irving Cockroft
Jack Negly	Mark Baldwin
Fred Gelwen	Clyde Shepardson
Tim Greene	Walter Morgan
Edgar Strong	Kenneth Lynch
Dr. Hal Boyd	Alfred Rae
Corporal Perkins	Eldridge Russell
Soldiers, Townspeople and Children.	



The Senior Stunt

The Class of December, '14, gave a varied program on the afternoon of December 2. The Study Hall was the scene of this festivity, and the production was well attended. The nominal sum of 10 cents (2 jitneys) was charged as admission. Post-

ers had been displayed around school advertising the act, and consequently there was a great deal of enthusiasm. The purpose of the entertainment was to raise funds for the Senior Dance and for the Graduation program. The performance



"BARBARA FRIETCHIE"

was managed by Spencer Schmidt, who was assisted by Clark, Durney and several other members of the class.

The class tried to keep the program varied, that is, to have different types of acts. An attempt was made to confine the performance to High Seniors, but as a varied bill was desired; it was decided to go outside the class for talent.

The program consisted of two skits, two singing numbers and several selections by the December, '14, Trio. "A Happy Couple," one of the skits, was very clever. Marjorie Brooks and George Meyer certainly did "get away" with it well. "Regie Vaughan, the Grammar School Tenor," was well received by the students. Another skit, "Christmas Chimes," featuring four members of the High Senior Class, also met a warm reception. Our gallant Captain "Jeff" Ganser rendered

us a couple of his coon songs. His **military bearing** and his fine delivery brought forth round upon round of applause. When he finished his last selection the enthusiastic students bore him away upon their shoulders, while the December, '14, Trio played "Lo, See the Conquering Hero Comes." The program was an entire success and Mr. Schmidt, the manager, when interviewed by our correspondent shortly afterwards, said: "I am greatly moved by the display of enthusiasm upon the part of the students. I can only say, like Napoleon, 'We saw our duty and we done it.'"

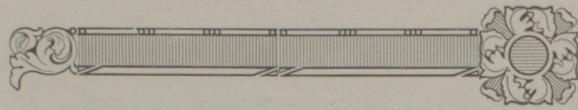
The Senior Class hopes that the custom of a High Senior "stunt" will become fixed; and that in the future other such performances will be given.



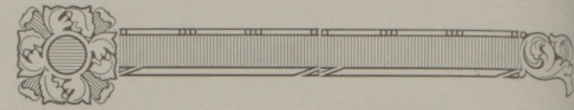
ORGANIZATIONS.



A. KASTER



ASABIS



SAMUEL TERRY
PRESIDENT

JEANNE STURTEVANT
VICE-PRESIDENT

HAROLD LARKIN
SECRETARY

MR. P. L. EVANS, TREASURER

Associated Students' Organization

THE MEMBERS OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD

Ex-Officio Members,

S. W. Terry, President Jeannen Sturtevant, Vice-President
Harold P. Larkin, Secretary.

Members at Large

Hiller Zobel
Weston Volberg
Clyde Shepardson

Margaret Temple
Harry Etter
Harold Etter

Class Representatives

High Senior Class—

Doris Ives

Low Senior Class—

Grace Bradford

High Junior Class—

Velma Delameter

Low Junior Class—

Clarisse Sheldon

Leland Sweeney

Kenneth Lynch

Samuel Hardin

Harold Dexter

High Sophomore Class—

Helen Sanford

Low Sophomore Class—

Mildred Maurer

High Freshman Class—

Mildred Meyers

Low Freshman Class—

Louise Walden

William Vaughan

Coltman Shepard

Whitney Spear

Osborne

Appreciation

THE Administration takes this opportunity to thank the students and faculty of the school for stimulus support and co-operation throughout this semester.

Despite the facts that the Football team is always the most expensive of school teams, that the school was in debt, and that the expense of maintaining a regular athletic instructor has largely fallen upon the Student Body, we are

pleased to announce that the Administration will leave the school with more than \$100.00 in the treasury.

THE present Administrative Board extends greetings to the Student Body. The Board takes this occasion to thank the Associated Students for the support which has enabled them to bring the semester to a successful close. The school has had a very prosperous term, and the end of the year finds the students again with the pleasant feeling of assured solvency.

—S. W. TERRY.

The Star and Key Society



HILLER ZOBEL
PRESIDENT

MARGARET CALCUTT
VICE-PRESIDENT

HARRY ETTER
SECRETARY

RICHARD COCKROFT
TREASURER

Various Activities of the Star and Key

THE membership of the Star and Key has been larger this term than at any time since the founding of the society. This alone shows that the Star and Key is having much influence among the students of the entire school. It has gained their respect and admiration.

Much credit is due to the society's administration of last term. It accomplished much, both for the Star and Key and for other students. This term the society has been handicapped to a certain extent by the influx of various other activities into the curriculum of the school. Because of military and rehearsals for entertainments, the activities of the society have been curtailed. Nevertheless, this term stands foremost in the interest shown in the Star and Key.

The attendance has been gratifying to the officers, the majority of the members taking enough interest in the society to attend the meetings. The best this administration can wish the following one, is the same attendance and interest that has been shown this term.

Through the efforts of the Faculty Committee, Miss Berg (chairman), Miss Haworth, Miss Oehlman, Miss Dyer, and Mr. Daniels, a hard times party was given the Star and Key

Society at the home of Dr. Thompson on December 4, 1914. Games and dancing took the greater part of the evening; a number of stunts, one a burlesque on the Senior Play by Weston Volberg and Clyde Shepardson, was especially enjoyed.

Before next term a card-filing system of the members of the Star and Key will be installed in the office in order to facilitate the work of the officers.

The cards will have the following information:

Name.

Address.

Advisory teacher.

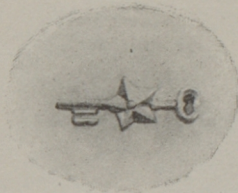
Class.

How many terms you have been on the honor roll.

Are you a permanent member?

Since the society has now a larger roll of attendance, more enthusiasm both in social affairs as well as business affairs is to be expected next term.

—HARRY ETTER, '15.



Astronomy Club

HE first meeting of the Astronomy Club this term opened with the installation of the new officers. They are:

NORMAN WEEDENPresident
MISS VERENA FORD.....Vice-President
EVERETT LONGSecretary
MISS HEWETT.....
CARLOS MUNDT.....Directors

After several interesting meetings the club was invited to the Astronomy Department at U. C. We spent a very interesting evening at the University, looking through the large telescope and examining the scientific instruments.

We hope to have many other similar excursions, as they are well attended by all members and are both interesting and instructive.

Last term some of the members of the Astronomy Club had the pleasure of attending an illustrated lecture upon the spectroscope. It was voted by the club to take that as the major topic for the term. Miss Hewett, however, was unable to secure a repetition of the lecture upon the spectroscope and it was thought best to defer this subject until a later time.

The last few evenings, being clear, were devoted to outdoor work with the telescope. Our telescope, although small, is a good one, and we are hoping to get a new and larger telescope from the Board of Education.

The meetings of the Astronomy Club are now held on Monday evenings, in Miss Hewett's room in the Annex. Every one is cordially invited to come.

—N. WEEDEN, President.

Debating Club

OFFICERS OF CLUB.

PresidentA. C. GILLILAND
Vice-PresidentEARL PAYNE
SecretaryR. MEDCRAFT
EditorSPENCER SCHMIDT

HE A. H. S. DEBATING CLUB has been the center of the debating interest this term. Although debating has not made any great strides during the past term, it has progressed slowly, but surely. The club has been unable to follow out its program for the term, but nevertheless it is not dead. Through the interest shown the work two smaller clubs have been started, which meet at eight-thirty o'clock Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The object of these meetings is to create more interest, to develop public discussion, and to put forward a debating team to represent the High School. Through the effort of our principal and faculty we are now a member of the "Interscholastic Debating League of California." Our first debate is to be with Richmond High, December 4, upon the subject, "Resolved that the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years and limited to one term. It was on this subject that Alameda lost to Berkeley two years ago. We must get in and show Richmond what we learned from that defeat. The club wishes to thank those of the faculty who have worked with them during the past term, and asks the students to lend all their support possible to make Alameda High Debating team a success.

Orchestra

THE Alameda High School Orchestra is still in active existence, although it has not played before the Student Body this semester. The Orchestra meets every Monday evening for practice. Dr. Brown has kindly consented to act as director, and under his guidance the organization will undoubtedly forge rapidly ahead. The members are all interested, and if enthusiasm counts for anything, they certainly will make the Orchestra a success.

At present there are eleven members, all of whom have had excellent musical training. The Orchestra lacks a drummer, however, and the leader and members would appreciate assistance. If there is any one in school who can drum, he owes it to the school to help the Orchestra in this way. All the other Bay City High Schools have either Orchestras or Bands which play at student meetings and at games. Alameda High ought to be able to equal these other schools. We have the talent here among us, and if the students get behind the Orchestra and support it, we will have something of which to be proud.

The following are the members who practice regularly with the Orchestra:

Rudolf Buben	Leader
Frederick Warford	Piano
Gereau Nordland	Violin
Rudolf Nolthenius	Violin
Rudolf Lagemann	Violin
Thomas Bacon	Violin
Edric Brown	Flute
Wilbur Toye	Flute
Elbridge Russell	Clarinet
Clyde Lamborn	Cornet
Robert Lamborn	Cornet
Russell Moulthrop	Cornet

Too much credit cannot be given Dr. Brown, who perseveringly aids the members in their work. It is hoped that the students will support the Orchestra and enable it to increase from term to term.

—RUDOLF BUBEN.

A. H. S. Bank

THE A. H. S. SAVINGS SYSTEM started April 20, 1914. A cloak room was made over into a bank. At first we had only one receiving and paying window. Becoming a duly authorized branch bank of our two local institutions, we expanded and now have a window for each of the banks we represent. At the beginning of the fall term we inaugurated a new system for the handling of

student dues, which necessitated the use of an additional window.

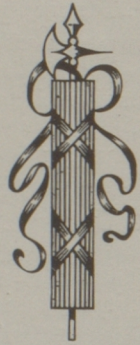
Its growth has been astounding, passing our most optimistic expectations. Naturally it is a difficult thing to make all students save and deposit in the A. H. S. S. S. On the other hand, scores of students consistently deposit small amounts. Such accounts as these herald the coming prosper-

ity of the institution. The majority of the pupils will eventually come to realize the opportunity that is constantly tendered them to save their spare change, and begin that account which will bear them on to fortune. This is our aim.

Among the various individuals who are giving their time and conscientious efforts in making this institution a success are those who started and grew up in its progress. Those who rank highest are the manager, Mr. Evans, the originator of the idea; the cashier, Mr. E. T. DiVecchio, who has given constant attention to its interest; and Mr. D. F. Whistler, the

manager of the Grammar School accounts. Many others have given their hearty support and co-operation. Sam Terry, Grace Bradford, H. Zobel, H. Etter, L. Weichart and Donald Lum have contributed generously by their efforts. D. Thompson is always boosting. Ed Horwinski and Andrew Lorentzen are giving much. Dorothy Christensen is the Stenographer and is always on the job.

At the beginning of the term the cashier and manager of the institution were required by the state law to go under bonds. Since securing these bonds we have taken over the



savings to two of the grammar schools, namely, the Porter and Haight Schools. Each of these schools has contributed a tidy sum to our balance. We have now seven hundred and fifty-nine accounts. Of these, three hundred and seven are high school accounts. The high school balance at this date is \$2333.16, and the other schools, \$369.37, making a total balance of \$2702.53. While this is a good record, it is our hope and aim that the balance shall exceed \$5000 by the close of next semester. This will probably be realized, for by that time all of the schools of Alameda will be putting their savings through the high school branches.

By the time of the world's fair we are going to have the finest thing of its kind in the United States.

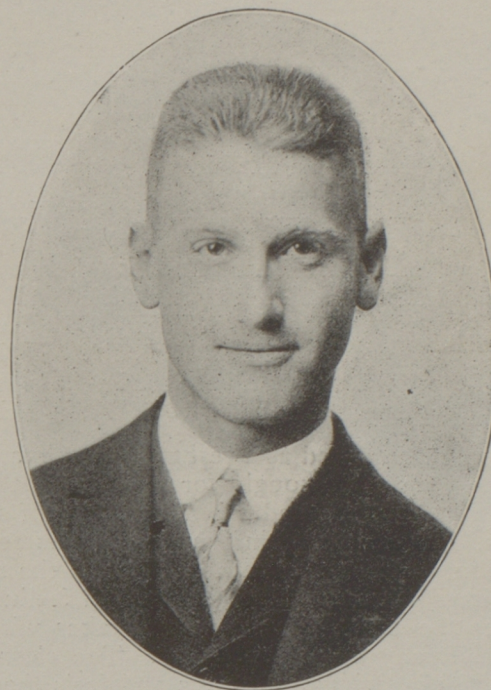
—E. T. DiVECCHIO, Cashier.

Apropos of Vacation



WHEN the turkey's on the table,
And the mince pie's on the way,
And my plate is filled with stuffin'
That belongs to Christmas Day,
I forget examinations
And my teachers' 'fernal quizz,
And it seems to me that livin'
Is the only thing there is.

When my stomach's fightin' turkey,
An' I finally fall asleep,
O'er my brain an achin' feelin'
Seems gradually to creep;
Then I wake from troubled slumber,
Say to turkey, "Twenty-three",
For the simple life at high school
Is quite good enough for me.



MILITARY.

Alameda High School stands foremost among the various other high schools of the State as being the first to adopt a system of Military training. In doing this we have taken a step which has long been discussed and viewed favorably by critics. In time the idea will spread throughout the various other high schools, and Alameda High will come to be looked upon as a model. The success of this measure is largely due to Mr. Rittler, who has had the support of Dr. Thompson, the Faculty, and of the Board of Education. "JEFF" GANSER.

Senior

Class of December '14

OFFICERS.

President.....HILLER ZOBEL
Vice-PresidentMARJORIE BROOKS
SecretaryELIZABETH FRATER
TreasurerSPENCER SCHMIDT
Class Editor }WALTER DESSAUER
 }ALRICA JAMISON
Class RepresentativeDORIS IVES
Class RepresentativeLELAND SWEENEY

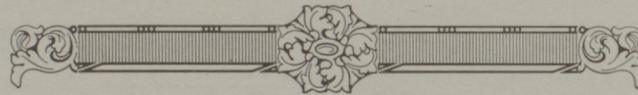
The class that entered as Freshmen in January, 1911, has at last reached the much-sought-for position of the High Senior Class. It has left behind it in the records of school activities, picnics, dances, plays, informal entertainments, and as its culmination, a graduation in keeping with the record made throughout its High School life. It is with feelings of regret that it leaves the school; in leaving, it takes with it the remembrance of many happy occasions. The class recognizes its growth of its individual members and feels that it has had its part in making the school better now than it was some years ago.

Class of June '15

OFFICERS.

PresidentCARLTON HULIN
Vice-PresidentMARGARET TEMPLE
SecretaryEMILE DiVECCHIO
Class EditorCLYDE SHEPARDSON
Class RepresentativeGRACE BRADFORD
Class RepresentativeKENNETH LYNCH

This term, the Low Senior Class presented their customary play. The class realized that this occasion is one of the few during the year at which the school appears before the public, and resolved to make their play a success. With the efficient assistance of the Faculty Committee and the Coach, the play met with very decided success. The parts were well taken and the whole performance went very smoothly. The play was the chief class activity of the term. Next semester the class will enter into several activities terminating with a fine Senior Dance and Graduation.



Junior

Class of December '15

OFFICERS.

President HARRY PITMAN
Vice-President VELMA DELAMATER
Secretary LORINE FISHER
Class Representative VELMA DELAMATER
Class Representative SAM HARDIN
Class Editor HARRY ETTER

The Class of December, '15, organized in the early part of the term, with a competent set of officers and an abundant supply of class feeling. It is the custom for High Juniors to give a Dance, but owing to various other activities, the class decided to save all this "pep" for next term.

Class of June '16

OFFICERS.

President DONALD THOMAS
Vice-President LOTTIE HAMILTON
Secretary THOMAS RYAN
Class Representative CLARISSE SHELDON
Class Representative HAROLD DEXTER
Class Editor ALBERT DUNNE

THE CLASS OF JUNE, '16, organized in the early part of the term. An original acorn design was selected for the class pin. Although nothing else of importance has transpired this term, many things are expected of this class in the future. During our High Junior term we are counting upon giving a dance. We have several other plans in regard to school activities which we intend to bring up next semester. The class has lots of enthusiasm and will support these plans to the utmost of their ability.

Sophomore

Class of December '16

OFFICERS.

President WM. VAUGHAN
Vice-President EDITH CORDE
Secretary RUSSELL MEDCRAFT
Class Representative HELEN SANFORD
Class Representative WM. VAUGHAN
Class Editor ELEANOR SHARPSTEIN

Class of June '17

OFFICERS.

President WILLIAM CATHCART
Vice-President AGNES FLANAGAN
Secretary PAUL FAULKNER
Class Representative MILDRED MAURER
Class Representative COLTMAN SHEPARD
Editor REGINALD HOHENSCHILD

The High Sophomore Class organized early in the term and planned several things that, owing to the many school affairs, were never performed. The class seemed to have "pep" enough, but to have lacked that "work together" spirit essential to the success of any class activities.

The Class of June, '17, is trying to live up to Dr. Thompson's statement that "they are the finest class ever entered." Last semester we failed to organize,

but this term we have "come back" with redoubled zeal. We held our meeting early this term and elected our officers. Several class activities were discussed. An Inter-class Track Meet was spoken of, but as this is a football term, it was decided to defer this matter until next year, when we hope it will meet with co-operation and approval of both the faculty and students.

Freshman

Class of December '17

OFFICERS.

President HALLOCK DAVIS
 Vice-President PRISCILLA KRUSI
 Secretary LESLIE W. FEADER
 Class Editor HAROLD B. KAHN
 Class Representative EDITH MEYERS
 Class Representative WHITNEY SPEAR

The High Freshman Class has a great deal of enthusiasm this term. They have not determined as to the exact course into which they are going to turn all this zeal, but they are going to take an active part in school activities as soon as they leave what is commonly known as the "scrub" stage. The girls as well as the boys seem to be interested, and the class hopes to be able to make a name for itself during its life. Whitney Spear and Hal Davis have had charge of the Alameda water-bucket at the football games. The spirit of the class seems to be all that could be hoped for, and it is with bright hopes we look toward the coming semester.

Class of June '18

OFFICERS.

President FOSTER ADAMS
 Vice-President DOROTHY DEARDORF
 Secretary MARK McKIMMONS
 Class Editor EDNA LITTLEJOHN
 Administrative Board { LOUISE WALDEN
 DOUGLAS OSBORNE

The incoming Freshmen Class met for organization on August fourth. The above officers were elected at this meeting. Later in the term a meeting was held to discuss a "Freshie Girls' Jinx." On September twenty-third the "Jinx" was given and was pronounced by everybody to be a success. The program included a piano solo, a recitation, and several songs. The closing number was a debate between two chosen teams. The class has several ideas in view for the coming term, which they hope will work out successfully. They have shown a great deal of enthusiasm up to the present time, and the outlook is bright for the future.

Alumni

THE number of Alumni of the Alameda High School enrolled at the University of California is increasing rapidly. At the present time over eighty-five are registered at California.

Following is the list of the Alumni arranged in classes. Our Alumni who are graduate students of the University of California are:—

EDWARD ALBERT	Social Science
6th Year.	
ESTELLE B. ANDERSON	Social Science
B. L., 1907.	
EMMA L. BOMMANN	Letters
A. B., 1906.	
HELEN M. CORNELIUS	Letters
A. B., 1914.	
ELEANOR C. FRENCH	Social Science
B. L., 1913.	
ETHEL LEVY	Social Science
B. L., 1914.	
HANNA M. OEHLMATN	Social Science
A. B. 1903.	
LOUISE M. RHEIN	Social Science
B. L., 1914.	
RUTH SHERWOOD	Social Science
B. L., 1914.	
MARY VAN ORDEN	Letters
B. L., 1906; M. L., 1914.	

The members of the Senior Class are:—

LUCIE S. ALTONA	Natural Science
RUTH L. BENEDICT	Natural Science
ROBERT E. CHRISTY	Mechanics
FLORENCE E. COPELAND	Social Science
GLADYS L. DEMING	Social Science
CLINTON DeWITT	Civil Engineering
GLEN G. HAHN	Agriculture
MABEL A. HARDIN	Social Science
MARYLY I. KRUSI	Natural Science
ALMA B. POWELL	Social Science
VINNIE ROBINSON	Natural Science
WARREN SANFORD	Commercial
KARL SHTTTUCK	Agriculture
WILLIAM A. WEILAND	Social Science
MARION E. WILCOX	Social Science
KATHERINE H. WESTBROOK	Natural Science

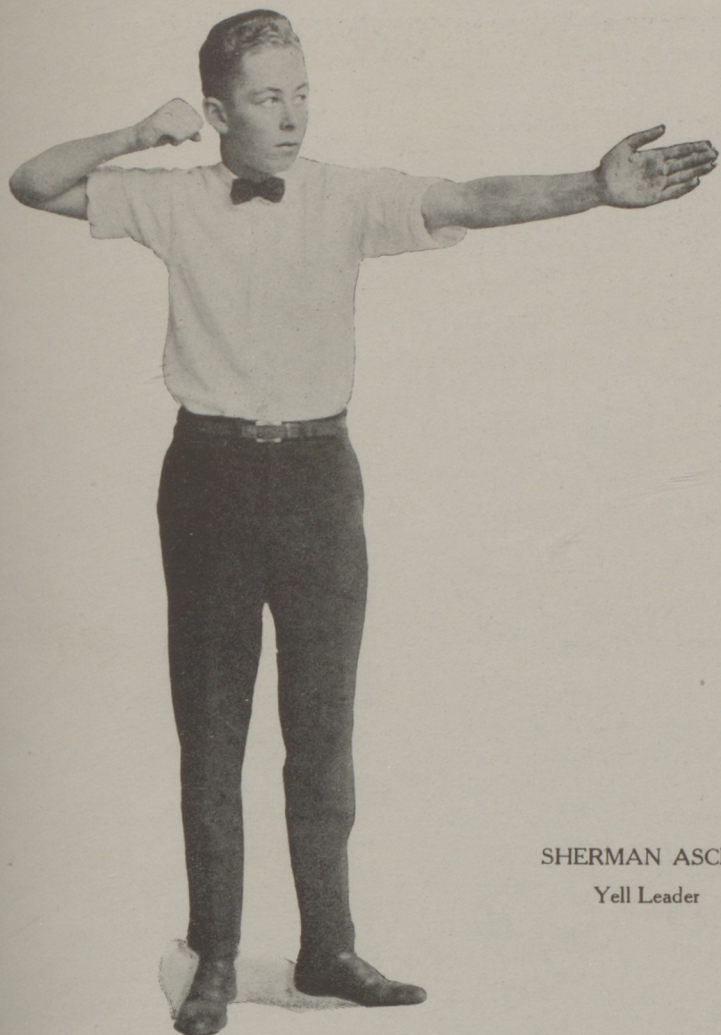
The members of the 1916 Class are:—

HARRY V. ADAMS	Architecture
MARION G. BROWN	Social Science
MARGARET DENNISON	Natural Science
RUTH M. EDINGER	Social Science
GLADYS M. EGGERS	Natural Science
JANETTE W. HARBER	Social Science
HAROLD H. LEFCOWICZ	Architecture
MILDRED LEVY	Social Science
GEORGE H. MASTICK	Agriculture
ROSE MARGRAVE	Natural Science
LOUISE McROBERTS	Natural Science
DOROTHY E. OTIS	Natural Science
SADIE L. OLDER	Natural Science
KENNETH ROGERS	Natural Science
FAITH S. SPEDDY	Social Science
HAROLD M. SUTHERLAND	Chemistry

EUGENIA C. VAUGHAN.....	Natural Science
ALBERT WAGNER	Natural Science
AMY WALDEN.....	Social Science
The members of the Sophomore Class are:—	
ARTHUR S. AITON.....	Natural Science
MRS. M. F. ALEXANDER.....	Agriculture
MILDRED ADAMS.....	Social Science
ZDENKA BUBEN	Social Science
WRIGHT D'EVELYN.....	Mining
AUSTIN R. EIMER.....	Civil Engineering
VALORIE FOVEAUX.....	Natural Science
ROBERT F. GRAY.....	Social Science
WENDELL M. HAUCH.....	Natural Science
MYRTLE R. HENRICI.....	Architecture
MELVILLE H. HERSPRING.....	Agriculture
LE ROY KRUSI.....	Civil Engineering
HANS LEMCKE	Agriculture
EDWINA M. MOYES	Natural Science
CARLOS S. MUNDT.....	Natural Science
MARION P. MURDOCK.....	Natural Science
HILMER OEHLMANN.....	Commerce
CHARLES E. RHEIN.....	Chemistry
HELEN ROSENBURG.....	Social Science
J. RANDOLPH SHARPSTEIN.....	Natural Science
LINDSAY SAYRE.....	Agriculture
M. ADELINE TOYE.....	Social Science
ELIZABETH WALDEN.....	Social Science
LAURA WANGEMAN.....	Natural Science
The members of the 1918 Class are:—	
ROY H. AKAGI.....	Social Science
MABEL BAIRD.....	Social Science
C. EDWARD H. BATES.....	Social Science
MINERVA BOSSE.....	Social Science

WILLIAM M. BREWER.....	Agriculture
LESLIE BROWN.....	Social Science
KATHARINE V. GELDERMANN.....	Natural Science
MILDRED JACOBS.....	Social Science
EDWIN JOSEPH.....	Social Science
WARD LA SHELLE.....	Agriculture
ALBERT GARLAND.....	Agriculture
ELLSWORTH C. LeCOUNT.....	Mechanics
ALICE LEVY.....	Social Science
BERENICE NOGHEL.....	Natural Science
CLARENCE J. NOBMANN.....	Civil Engineering
MacALPINE RIDDELL.....	Commerce
ELVIRA TIERNAN.....	Social Science
CHARLES L. TILDEN Jr.	Agriculture
CAROL E. TRIPP.....	Natural Science
B. KENDRICK VAUGHAN.....	Natural Science

Almost all of these Alumni are taking active part in the life of the Campus. Certain ones have been particularly active in student activities. Miss Helen Cornelius wrote last year's "Parthaenia." Miss Maryly Krusi took one of the leading parts in its production. This year's Parthaenia was awarded to Miss Mary Van Orden, another of our Alumni. Warren Sanford is prominent in student affairs and has recently been initiated into "Skull and Keys," the Senior Honor Society. Karl Shattuck has achieved considerable fame in the Athletic field. Another one of the old "grads," Bob Christy, was one of the chief workers on the University Bond Committee during the recent election. Ila Smith and Eugenia Vaughan are prominent in Dramatics. Harold Sutherland has been working on the staff of the "Daily Californian." Altogether, our graduates have been doing much fine work, both scholastic and otherwise, that the students of Alameda High School should indeed feel proud of them. B.K.V. '14



SHERMAN ASCHE

Yell Leader

Rooting

Alameda developed a new spirit in yelling this semester. The fellows turned out in larger numbers than they have for some time previous. The girls, too, seemed to realize that their support aided the team, and the bleachers were consequently crowded with "fair ones." The boys yelled hard, and although on several occasions we were outnumbered by the occupants of the opposing bleachers, the spirit of our fellows was such that our "Brackety" overpowered our rivals' yells. In closing, I want to urge the fellows, and girls too, to display the same amount of "pep" next term, and to support baseball as well as they have supported football.

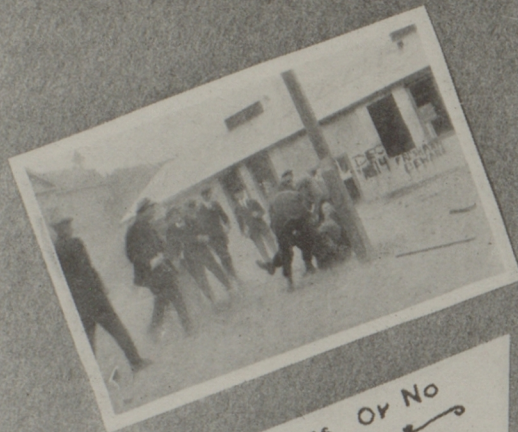
—F. S. ASCHE, Yell Leader.



Act I Scene I



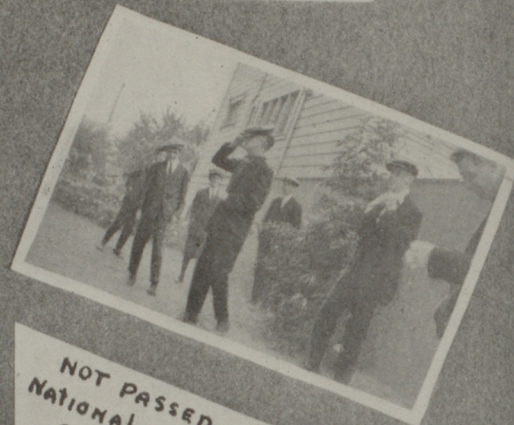
Act I Scene II



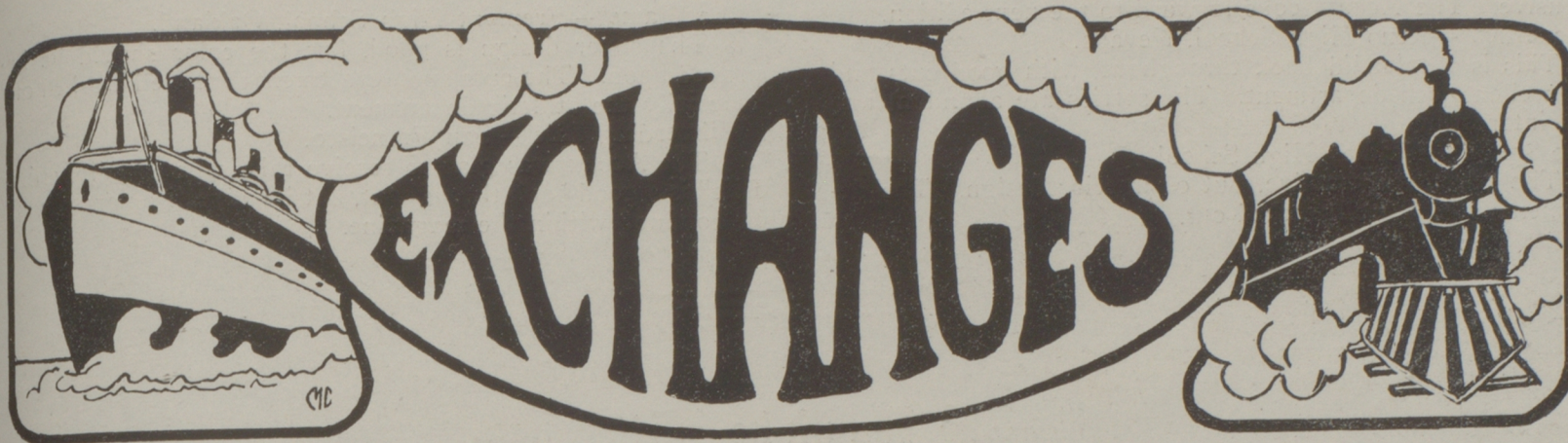
Bow Neck-Ties OR No
Bow Neck-Ties
BY
A.H.S. JUNKOGRAPH
CO.
U.S.A.



Peace



NOT PASSED BY THE
NATIONAL BOARD OF
CENSORSHIP.



"The Skull"—Calaveras High School.

A good paper, considering the size of its school; it might have a cover design and add to its list of school activities.

"The Aegis"—Oakland High School.

An excellent book, with an artistic cover and the arrangement of the departments are good. More snap-shots of school life would increase interest.

"The Collegian"—St. Mary's College, Oakland.

The cover design is good, but the advertisements should be confined to the back of the book. The stories are interesting and well written. A few good jokes would add greatly to the variety of the book.

"The Engineer"—Polytechnic College of Engineering, Oakland.

"The Engineer" has many good cuts which are needed to make a good book. The josh department is out of the ordinary, and the literary work is extensive and good.

"The California News"—Berkeley.

The ACORN is interested in this paper, and hopes to receive it often, because it gives a good idea of what is done at the Institute.

"The Owl"—Fresno High School.

The short stories are good, and the paper is to be congratulated upon many new joshes, but the cuts are few and of no especial value.

"The Girls' Aegis"—Oakland High School.

It is a splendid magazine, and a creditable thing for the girls to issue. The cartooning adds greatly to the josh department, which is in itself clever and witty.

"The Chaparral"—Stanford University.

This paper is as amusing as ever, but the advertisements should be confined within the cover. The designers are skilled.

"The Cricket"—Belmont School.

"The Cricket" is one of the best books received, with good cuts and cover. The josh department should be more

extensive. The ACORN looks forward to the next edition.

"Recuerdos"—Reno High School, Nevada.

This is a splendid book throughout, with good cuts and an excellent josh department. The stories are abundant and very interesting.

"The Spider"—Gridley High School.

The cover is attractive, but of inferior design. The departments are all well worked out.

"The Flame"—Fremont High School, Oakland.

The cover design is good, but the color should be improved upon. The cuts and departments are well worked out, especially the athletic department.

"Wilmerding Life"—San Francisco.

The ACORN was glad to receive this issue. "Wilmerding Life" is a good book throughout, but its advertisements should be confined within the magazine.



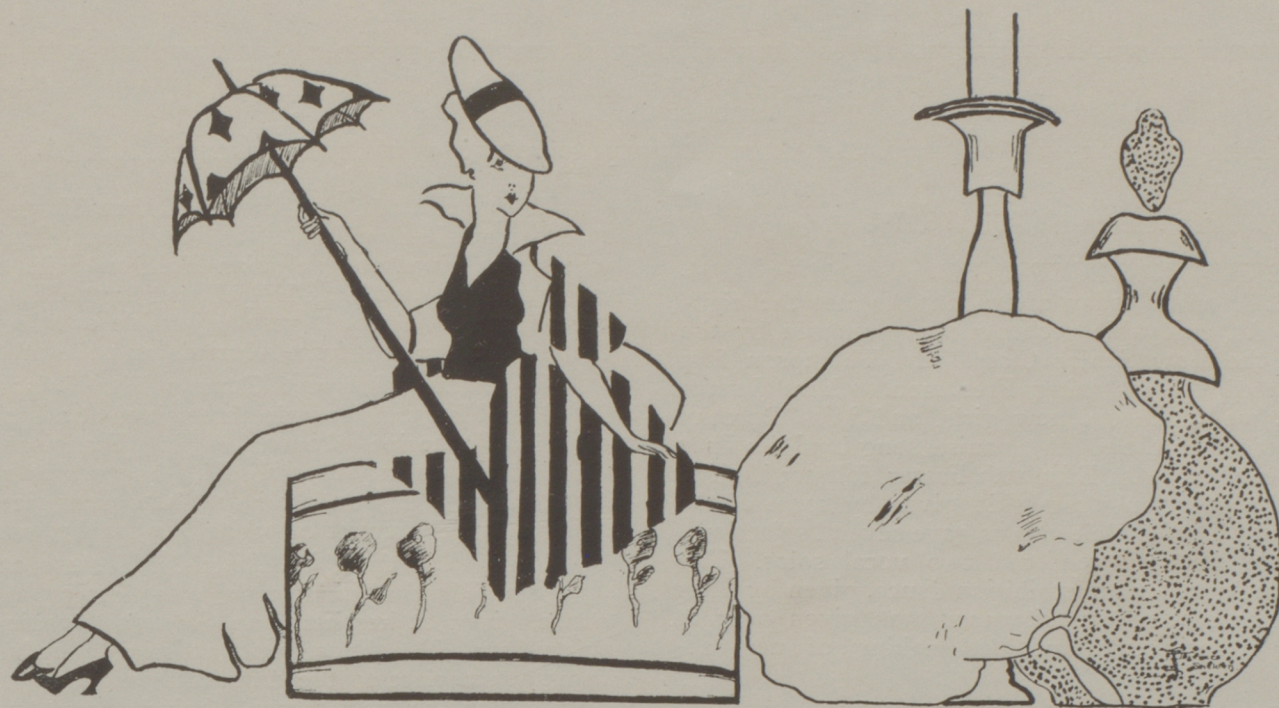
The Would-be Writer

WHEN first a Freshman I became,
I deemed my self a scribe,
And felt as eager for a name,
As grafters for a bribe.
The stuff I wrote, you may suppose,
I reckoned most sublime—
I posed, a daisy hand at prose,
A cracker-jack at rhyme.

And when the next year's course began,
And I was dubbed a "Soph",
I thought myself profounder than
My wisdom-soaked old Prof.
I wrote melodious verses or,
Some rare and racy tales,
But all the fish I angled for,
I magnified to whales.

I rose to Junior from a "Soph",
Though lagging in the race;
But I must thank my good old Prof.,
Who urged me to the pace;
And still though dear were fancy's chords
The muses' kisses sweet,
I learned at last, that through my pores
Was oozing my conceit.

At last I've reached the Senior rank,
Convinced that all my rot
But proves me, what I am—a crank,
And not a Moore or Scott.
That I have wasted precious days,
Too well, alas, I know it,
When some sly joker winks and says:
"There goes the gum-shoe poet."



SOCIETY

F. Sheldon.

Social Activities

Freshmen Reception

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION was held at Adelphian Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, August the eighteenth. An enjoyable program was prepared by the girls of the Low Senior Class. Dr. Thompson first spoke, and greeted the incoming Freshmen. Miss Jeanne Sturtevant also welcomed the new girls, and Miss Dorothy Deardorf responded for them. A Spanish song by Miss Inez Drake, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Frater, followed. The next thing on the program was a skit, given by some of the Low Senior girls. The Ukelele chorus gave several selections, and Miss Myrtle Leonard rendered two vocal solos. The program was concluded by an exhibition dance, given by Miss Nellie Quill. The rest of the afternoon was given over to dancing, dainty refreshments, and the making of new acquaintances.

Bruce Dillman Host at Dance.

One of the first events of this term was an informal dance, given by Bruce Dillman, at his home, on Grand street. About seven couples enjoyed the evening of dancing, at the conclusion of which dainty refreshments were served.

Merrill Brown Has House Party.

During the mid-term vacation, Merrill Brown entertained about twelve of his friends at his summer home in Mill Valley. A good time was enjoyed by all, many hikes and other outdoor sports being participated in during the stay.

George Latham and Nat Neal Are Hosts at Dance.

George Latham and Nat Neal were hosts at a dance, which was given at Adelphian Hall, on Friday evening, September the eleventh. The hall was tastefully decorated with greens and foliage. A very enjoyable evening was spent by the hundred guests from Alameda and the other bay cities.

Miss Margaret Temple Has Luncheon.

Miss Margaret Temple entertained at a luncheon in honor of Miss Katherine Aronson of San Francisco, on Saturday, October the twenty-fourth. The house was tastefully decorated with greens and foliage, the center-piece of the table being a large bouquet of white chrysanthemums and ferns.

Miss Martha Linderman Is Hostess at Dance.

Miss Martha Linderman was hostess at a Halloween dance, given at her home on Saturday evening, October the thirty-first. The house was artistically bedecked with features appropriate to the day. The entire evening was given over to dancing, refreshments being served towards the close of the evening.

Miss Marjorie Stanley Gives Card Party.

Miss Marjorie Stanley entertained a group of friends at her home, on Saturday afternoon, November the seventh, with a very pretty affair which took the form of Dutch whist. The score-cards were decorated with Dutch windmills, and the place-cards for the dainty repast, which followed the afternoon's diversion, were in the form of wooden shoes, decorated with red tulips. The same novel idea was also carried out in the bon-bon dishes. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by all present.

Morris Clark Is Host at Dance.

Morris Clark entertained a large number of friends at a dance given in honor of his cousin, Miss Ruth Walters, at his home in Berkeley, on Saturday evening, September the fifth. The home was beautifully decorated with greenery, and many flowers. In the latter part of the evening an elaborate supper was served. A number of dinner parties were given preceding the dance, one being by Miss Marjorie Scott, who had several guests from Alameda.

Miss Lillian Suydam Is Hostess at Luncheon.

Miss Lillian Suydam was hostess at a delightful luncheon, given in honor of Miss Virginia Gohn, on Friday afternoon, October the sixteenth. The color scheme was carried out in pink, the center piece being a large basket of pink begonias and maiden hair fern. Sewing made up the afternoon's entertainment, as well as several surprises planned by the hostess.

The December, '14, Senior Dance.

An affair which is looked forward to with much pleasure by many friends of the Senior Class, as well as its members, is the dance which is to be given by the coming graduates. The Haight School Auditorium has been engaged for the evening of December the twenty-third, and preparations for the affair are rapidly being made.

Frances Garrett Entertains.

Miss Frances Garrett entertained about sixteen of her girl friends at a sewing bee, which was given at her home, near the beginning of the term. The house was decorated with ferns and pink rose buds. After an afternoon of sewing, enjoyed by all, a buffet tea was served.

Merrill Brown and Bruce Dillman Entertain With Dance.

Merrill Brown and Bruce Dillman entertained thirty or more guests at a dance, given at the former's home, on Saturday evening, September the twenty-sixth. The house was tastefully decorated with ferns and various kinds of flowers.

After a pleasant evening of dancing, delicious refreshments were served.

Helen Bruton and Elizabeth Funke Entertain.

Miss Helen Bruton and Miss Elizabeth Funke entertained about fourteen girls at a luncheon, held at the former's home, on Tuesday, October the thirteenth. A novel idea was shown, for the hostess prepared and served the luncheon, using the knowledge which they obtained in the Domestic Science department. The afternoon was spent in sewing, and later the guests enjoyed the football game between Oakland Polytechnic and Alameda High.

Alamedans Present at Berkeley Assembly.

The first of the Berkeley Junior assemblies was held on October thirty-first, at which several Alamedans were present. The affair was greatly enjoyed by all, and the next dance of the set, which is to be held on December the twelfth, is being looked forward to with much pleasure.

Miss Elaine Stack Given Surprise Party.

An affair which was greatly enjoyed by about forty-five young people was the surprise party given to Miss Elaine Stack at the home of Miss Gladys Cole, on October the fourth. The evening was given over to dancing, at the end of which a delightful supper was served. The color scheme was red, the center piece at the table being composed of red dahlias.

Miss Marie Murray Entertains Senior Class.

Miss Marie Murray entertained the members of the Senior Class at her home, on Friday evening, October the thirtieth. A program was arranged by the hostess, recitations, piano selections, and vocal solos being rendered by members of the class. Several surprises in the form of games were arranged by the hostess, and these were enjoyed by all. A buffet supper was served. Later dancing concluded the evening's round of pleasure.

Progressive Dinner Party Held.

Among this term's social events was a novel progressive dinner, given on Saturday evening, November the seventh. The six couples who enjoyed the evening's pleasure were dressed in Yama-Yama costumes. They went from house to house where the various courses were served. The last course of the dinner was given at the home of Miss Margaret Temple, after which the evening was turned over to dancing.

Nat Neal Is Host at Dance.

Nat Neal entertained about eighteen of his friends at an informal dance at his home on Saturday evening, November the seventh. Dancing was the diversion of the evening, after which delicious refreshments were served.

Miss Virginia Gohn Is Motif for Affair.

Miss Edith Corde entertained for Miss Virginia Gohn at a pleasant afternoon at her home on Carolne street, in the early part of the term. In the latter part of the afternoon a dainty repast was served, the table decorations being of red and white roses.

Freshman Girls Hold Jinks.

The Freshman girls had their Jinks in Miss Hewett's room, near the first of the term. A delightful program was arranged by some of the girls and members of the faculty. Following the program, dainty refreshments were served, and then the afternoon was turned over to dancing.

Miss Dora Tilleman to Have Sewing Bee.

Miss Dora Tilleman has invited the girls of the Senior Class to attend a sewing bee that is to be held at her home Saturday afternoon, November the twenty-first. The affair is being looked forward to with much pleasure by all of the Senior girls.





Henschild.

Athletics in General

AS every student knows, this term, through the continued efforts of Dr. Thompson, Superintendent Du Four, the Board of Education, and the Athletic Committee, an Athletic Director has been secured for the school. Through Otto Rittler, former Director of Athletics at St. Mary's College, the Athletic situation has taken on an entirely different aspect. Through a ruling of the Athletic Committee and Dr. Thompson, every boy in the school is compelled to turn out for some branch of Athletics, and now every form of sport is being systematized in such a way that every one, large or small, may participate in some sport.

This season Alameda had the most successful football team for several years. With gloomy prospects and a discouraging beginning, the team, under the expert direction of Coach Rittler, and the able leadership of Captain Von Schmidt, fought its way through the semi-finals to the finals, playing Berkeley for the championship. Although finally beaten, it was well known around the bay that Alameda was on the map, and we had a team to be justly proud of. That the team was of first-class caliber is shown by the fact that in nine games, only 46 points were scored against Alameda, while our boys piled up 156 against their opponents, a truly remarkable record. Not enough credit can be given to Otto Rittler, our sterling coach, for the way he built up a championship contender when prospects looked gloomiest. Also, we owe great thanks to Major Tilden, the king of all Alameda High rooters. The major was on the side-lines at every important game, cheering in that "peppy" manner which only he can do. This season, Major Tilden presented the school with a

beautiful silver cup which is to be competed for year after year in punting contests by the football team. The victor of the contest each year will have his name engraved on the cup. It is needless to say that we thank Major Tilden from the bottom of our hearts. His kindness and effort in our behalf will never be forgotten.

"Bud" Larkin has been elected football captain for 1915, and with at least ten veterans and a rattling good second team to pick from, it looks like a successful season next year.



OTTO RITTLER, Physical Director

Rittler on Athletics

I HAVE been asked my opinion on Athletics in general at the Alameda High School. Having worked for the school only two months, I am practically a stranger to most of you, but I have been in contact with many of your past stars, such as Scott, one time world's champion pole-vaulter; Shattuck, champion intercollegiate hammer-thrower; McCauley, 440 coast record holder, and others.

The Board of Education has secured me to introduce a new system of Athletics, that being, not to develop only a few athletes, but to create competition in such a way that every pupil, whether girl or boy, will get the benefit. Teams have been, or will be arranged for girls in Rowing, Basketball, and Tennis, with interclass and outside competition, so as to benefit both the health and studies, generally. The weakest and smallest student will be encouraged as well as the strongest and largest. The boys will be represented in Football, Baseball, Basketball, Swimming, Tennis, Track, and Field. Then there will be Military for those who do not care to take up Athletics. This year's Football team upheld the school's reputation well, and much good material for 1915 has

been developed in the second team. I hope that every student will take part in some sport. The more that turn out, the greater will be the competition for the school team, and it will also serve to teach the younger students the various kinds of sport. In Basketball for boys, teams of 90, 100, 110, 120, 130 pounds and more will be formed. Of course, schools with large enrollments can carry out this plan far better than Alameda, yet every pupil who will turn out, whether large or small, will be encouraged. We are handicapped by the lack of a gymnasium, being the only school in the League without one. Berkeley High has had gymnasium work for two years in a rented hall and are now completing their own building. Oakland, Fremont, and Oakland Polytechnic have had such work for years. At a recent rally in our auditorium, one of the members of the Board of Education stated that we will have one of the finest high school gymnasiums on the coast before long and it is up to each one of us to lend a helping hand so as to make it possible for the Board to carry out such plans. Then, more than ever, Alameda High School will hold their own with all other schools, as a gymnasium is always conducive to health and strength.

—OTTO RITTLER, Athletic Director, A. H. S.



FOOT- BALL.

GAMES

A. H. S.....	5	Lowell	16
A. H. S.....	0	Cogswell	8
A. H. S.....	37	Lick	0
A. H. S.....	65	St. Ignatius	0
A. H. S.....	25	Palo Alto	5
*A. H. S.....	14	Oakland Poly	0
*A. H. S.....	0	Oakland	0
*A. H. S.....	10	Oakland	0
*A. H. S.....	0	Berkeley	17
	156		46

*League games.

Lowell, 16—Alameda, 5.

Alameda started off the 1914 season, on August 27th, by a defeat at the hands of Lowell. Very little team-work was shown by either side, but plenty of fighting spirit was in evidence throughout the game. The first half was fairly even, ending with the score 5 to 5. However, in the second half, Lowell simply ran away with things, scoring three tries and

converting one. Len Hollywood made Alameda's only try, after a pretty passing rush in which he and Townsend figured prominently. Perkins converted from a difficult angle. The boys showed a great lack of team-work and condition. The stars were Captain Von Schmidt, Townsend, Hollywood, Laidlaw, Perkins, and Meehan.

Cogswell, 8—Alameda, 0.

The team journeyed to San Francisco on Saturday, September 5th, and met their second defeat of the season in a fast game with Cogswell. The game was nip and tuck from beginning to end, and was featured by many speedy passing dushes. The first half was fast and snappy and ended with no score for either side, although the ball was in Cogswell's territory most of the time. The second half was also fast and furious. Near the close, Cogswell scored on a passing rush from Alameda's 25-yard line, after which she crossed for a try again, this time converting. During this half a Cogswell man was ejected from the game for rough tactics. Alameda had much hard luck, crossing Cogswell's line four times, but each time losing the ball. Captain Von Schmidt, Birbeck, Haskins, and Hardin played well for Alameda.

Alameda, 37—Lick, 0.

Alameda broke into the win column for the first time on Wednesday, September 16th, when we beat Lick at Lincoln Park, 37 to 0. It was the first game since Coach Otto Rittler had taken charge of the team and their showing was gratifying to all. The backfield executed many brilliant passing rushes which often culminated in tries. Captain Von Schmidt was the star of the backfield, at one time hurdling over three men for a try. Perkins and Dexter also played well in the backfield, while Latham, Hogan, and Hardin starred in the scrum.

Alameda, 65—St. Ignatius, 0.

Alameda ran up the record score of the season when she

took St. Ignatius into camp—65 to 0. In spite of the fact that the San Franciscans outweighed us, our boys were altogether too fast for them and scored almost at will. Alameda's scrum and backfield worked in perfect harmony and the ruggers from the Catholic institution found it impossible to stop them. Nearly every man on the team made a try, there being thirteen in all. There were no individual stars, as every one on our team played first-class Rugby. This slaughter served as a good work-out for the boys.

Alameda, 25—Palo Alto, 5.

Our boys sprang a big surprise in Rugby circles when they journeyed down to Palo Alto and defeated the aggregation from that town by a score of 25 to 5. Palo Alto was conceded to have one of the best teams in the state and expected easy pickings in Alameda. However, our team showed the results of the careful coaching and outplayed the college town Ruggers in every department of the game. The game was featured by long dribbling rushes and fast backfield work. The team seemed to work in perfect harmony and could not be checked by the fast Palo Alto players. Larkin, Meehan, Haskins, and Townsend starred for Alameda.

Alameda, 14—Oakland "Poly," 0.

In the first League game of the season, our hopefuls added another victory to their growing list by defeating Oakland Polytechnic by a score of 14 to 0. The game was exciting at all times and Alameda played in great form, especially the forwards, whose speed and running with the ball enabled us to come out on the long end of the score. Alameda was on the offensive at all times and kept threatening the victors' goal, while Oakland Poly played a strictly defensive game and could not advance the ball at any stage of the game. Copeland made a pretty try when he took the ball from the center of the field through the whole of the opposing side for a try.

Haskins and Townsend also made tries, and Perkins converted two of these and made one free kick. Captain Von Schmidt received a broken nose in this game.

Oakland, 0—Alameda, 0.

In the muddiest of muddy mud battles, Alameda and Oakland played sixty minutes to a scoreless tie on the old California field in Berkeley. The field was wet and slippery in the extreme, and after but a few minutes of play, the ball had increased nearly twofold in size and was as heavy as lead. It soon became impossible to tell one player from another. Under such conditions, an exhibition of good Rugby was impossible and the game resolved itself into a battle of the forwards. Neither team could penetrate the other's defense to cross the line and the result was that neither scored. Alameda was handicapped by the absence of Captain Von Schmidt from the game.

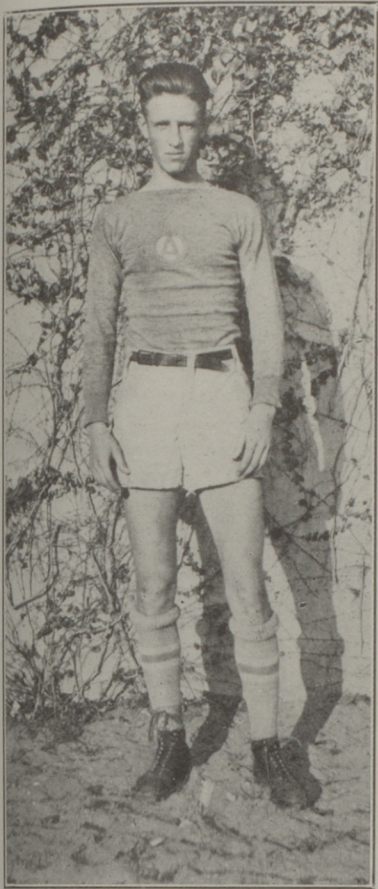
Alameda, 10—Oakland, 0.

In the return game with Oakland, Alameda put herself in line for the championship by trimming that aggregation of Ruggrs to the tune of 10 to 0. It was one of the fastest games played during the season. Our boys played with a spirit that made defeat impossible and as Oakland also showed a fine quality of fight, the game kept the spectators in a fever of excitement from start to finish. In the first half, neither team could pierce the other's defense and the half ended with the score 0-0. This half was filled with many brilliant plays and spectacular tackling by members of both teams. In the second half, both teams played furiously and finally "Red" Meehan picked the ball up from a ruck and passed to Townsend, who ran fifty yards for a try. The Alameda rooters went wild with joy and everywhere the white-and-gold hats could be seen flying in the air. This try was converted by

Perkins from a difficult angle. The second try was made by Perkins after the gun had sounded, signifying the end of the game. The ball was still in play and "Skib" took it over for a try, which he converted himself, making the score 10 to 0. It was a fast, snappy game and enjoyed by all. Dexter starred with a fifty-yard run. Other stars were Captain Von Schmidt, Perkins, Meehan, Dexter, Smith, Hardin, and Birbeck.

Berkeley, 17—Alameda, 0.

After having fought her way to within triking distance of the championship, Alameda suffered the most crushing defeat she has received in many a day, when she was defeated by Berkeley, 17 to 0. After having defeated Oakland by a good score, our boys went up against Berkeley with great expectations, and it was probably on account of this overconfidence that they did not make a better showing. The boys were certainly off form and the fire and spirit which featured their playing in previous games was woefully lacking. However, Berkeley's team outweighed ours, man for man, and our boys were at a disadvantage for this reason. There was a great deal of off-side play and at one stage of the game "Rus" Haskins crossed the Berkeley line for what looked to be a perfectly legitimate try, but it was declared illegal by the referee. During most of the game the ball was in Alameda's territory. Berkeley scored once in the first half soon before the whistle blew. In the second half, both teams put a number of substitutes in, and the fresh men went to work with a vim. This half was confined mostly to the forwards, and as Berkeley outweighed Alameda in this department, the scores came thick and fast. There were large delegations of rooters present from each school, and between halves the air was filled with their yells and songs. Those that played well for Alameda were Larkin, Laidlaw, Pearson, Meehan, and Captain Von Schmidt.



ROLAND VON SCHMIDT
Captain

THE past season has, in my opinion, been the most successful Rugby year we have had. I base my opinion on our large number of victories and also upon the fact that this year Alameda, for the first time, played in the final game for the Rugby championship of northern California.

The success of our team was due largely to the untiring efforts of Otto Rittler, who certainly is a "Miracle Man." He took a team that had been beaten in the only two games it had played and combined team-work with trick plays so that he produced a straight line of victories until the last game of the season. This game we lost, but we were not disgraced.

We have lost the championship and the season is over, but let us bend our efforts toward making Alameda High the champions of California for 1915.

—"JOE" VON SCHMIDT.



A. H. S. FOOTBALL SQUAD

THE FIRST TEAM.

Front Rank—
B. SMITH, LATHAM, C. MEEHAN.
Middle Rank—
PEARSON, TOWNSEND.
Rear Rank—
BIRBECK, LAIDLAW, HARDIN.
Half—
BATES.
Five-eighths—
VON SCHMIDT (Captain), PERKINS.
Center-Three—
DEXTER.
Wings—
HASKINS, LARKIN.
Full—
COPELAND.
Substitutes—
BROWN, GILL.

THE SECOND TEAM.

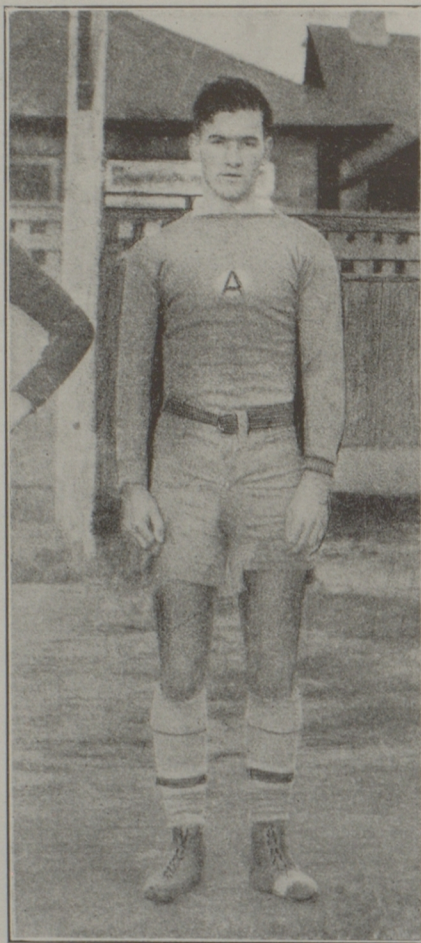
This season Alameda's second football team played three games, winning two and losing one. They defeated Lincoln School twice, 19 to 0, and 29 to 0. Our boys outclassed the Grammar School Ruggers in every department of the game and had no trouble running up large scores. However, they ran up against a different proposition,—against Deaf and Dumb,—tasting defeat by a score of 6 to 3. The Deaf and Dumb outweighed our boys quite a bit, but the game was hard-fought throughout. The team kept together during the season and was a great help to the first team, who found them a pretty stiff proposition when the two teams tangled. A great deal of good material was developed, and is being counted on for the 1915 first team.

THE SECOND TEAM.

Front Rank—
BROWN, DICKINSON, F. MEEHAN.
Middle Rank—
RYAN, LYNCH (Captain).
Rear Rank—
STAFFORD, WESTBROOK, McCRAE.
Half—
SMITH.
Five-eighths—
JACOBS, WILCOX.
Center-Three—
ASCHE.
Wings—
CORNICK, ETTER.
Full—
GILL.



A. H. S. WATER BOYS



DEAN PERKINS, Manager

Review of the Players



CAPTAIN "Joe" Von Schmidt has distinguished himself this season, not only as the best first-five around the bay, but also as a leader. He was always filled with the fighting spirit and never failed to instill his men "Andy" Townsend was the other middle-ranker. Coach Rittler certainly made a good move when he put "Andy" in the scrum, for he is a wonder in that capacity. However, he is also a first-class wing.

"Tommy" Birbeck and "Lamba" Hardin held down the break-away position. Both of these boys were regular speed burners and were right on top of the ball all of the time.

Hoim" Laidlaw, our big lock, was always in the middle of every play and fighting and shouting constantly. with the right "pep."

"Swede" Smith is a new hand at Rugby, but he seemed to take naturally to the game and is a "bear cat" front-ranker.

"Fat" Latham at middle-front-rank was a valuable and dependable player and will be one of the mainstays on the 1915 team.

"Red" Mehan showed great form this season. Unlucky was the man who opposed "Red" on the line-outs. Charlie, along with Captain Von Schmidt, was chosen as one of the All-Star High School fifteen of Alameda county.

"Lung" Pearson at middle-rank played a steady game throughout the season and excelled at dribbling and on the defensive.

"Tiny" Bates, at half, was always on the alert and never failed to get the ball out to his backs with speed and accuracy.

"Skib" Perkins, second-five and manager, was speedier than ever this year. He and "Joe" started many a passing rush which terminated in a try. "Perk" did all of the converting this year and seldom did he miss.

"Hack" Dexter was a revelation at center-three and was continually pulling off sensational runs and tackles.

"Crum" Haskins played his first season with Alameda, and we hope it is not his last. "Rus" scored many a try this season by his speed.

"Bud" Larkin played all kinds of places this season and finally ended at wing. He acquitted himself admirably everywhere and showed splendid form throughout the season. He is captain next season. Here's success to him.

"Dick" Copeland, the old reliable, was back again at fullback. "Cope" was a star, as usual. Very seldom a man got by him.

"Pickles" Gill and "Kid" Brown as substitutes were always pressing the regulars hard to hold their positions. Brown played in several of the most important games, and Gill was always useful at wing and fullback. Brown graduates this term, but Gill is being counted on as one of the mainstays next season.

Other Sports

BOYS' BASKETBALL.

ALTHOUGH little interest was taken in Boys' Basketball this term, next term's prospects are being looked forward to with great expectancy. Athletic Director Rittler has announced his intention of having teams of 90 pounds, 100 pounds, 110 pounds, 120 pounds, 130 pounds, and unlimited weight, so that everybody will get a chance, whether small or large. If Alameda is not provided with a place to practice at that time, Fremont Higu has kindly offered the loan of her gymnasium one night a week. Every boy who has an inclination toward this sport should turn out and make an effort to get on one of the teams.

TENNIS.

A large number of boys turned out for Tennis this term, and Coach Rittler has divided the squad up into three parts,

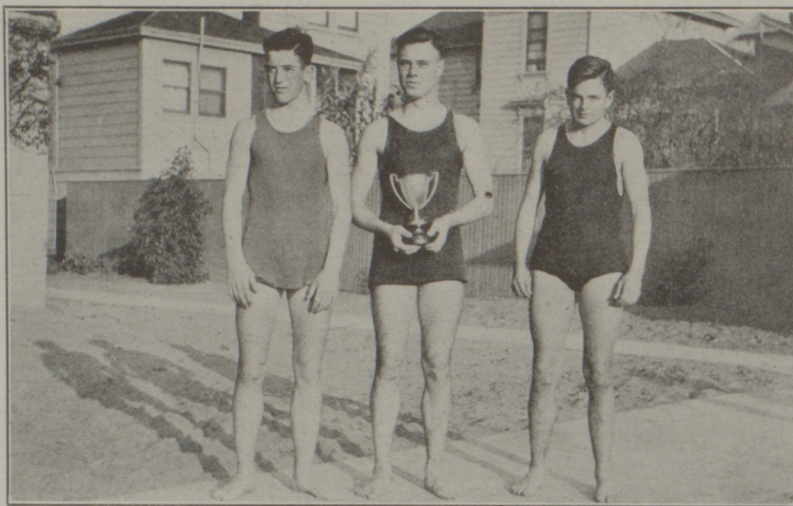
each division turning out at one of the three parks, Lincoln, Washington, and McKinley. This plan allows each boy to be close to home and will promote interesting competition between the sections.

The innovation of Military drill has been very successful. Two large companies have been formed and all of the members take an active interest in the work.

The girls have shown lots of "pep," turning out in large squads for Rowing, Tennis, and Basketball.

TRACK.

There was no Track this term, but next term a large number are expected to turn out and Alameda is expected to be heard from in this department.



A. H. S. SWIMMING TEAM

SWIMMING.

For the first time in several years Alameda has had a real live swimming team. Bates, Larkin and Gill succeeded in capturing a cup at the Encinal Yacht Club races. Next spring the prospects are bright for a full-fledged swimming team. School Savings System.

BASEBALL.

The outlook for baseball next term is bright. The fact that five veterans from last year's team will be at school next term ought to be encouraging to every one. The fellows who played last year are Laidlaw, Larkin, Captain "Didy" Holly-

wood, De La aMter, and Dexter. With such men as Birbeck, Benedickson, Townsend, Haskins, Smith, Bean, and Durney to choose from, the veterans will have to hustle to keep their positions. The team will be coached by Otto Rittler, who can take care of his part of the game. With such prospects, I can see no reason why Alameda should not win the championship. It is now entirely up to the students to back the team and put through a pennant-winner.

—H. DEXTER, Acting Captain.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

This year the basketball girls in Alameda High School have begun the season under the most favorable conditions that have existed for some time. For the first time in many years the girls have a coach, and for this reason feel that they have a good chance for winning when competing with other schools. At the beginning of the term, about the usual number of girls turned out. Those actively engaged in basketball work now are: Helen Anderson, Ruth Benas, Eleanor Clark, Margaret Fulton, Alfreda Gorgeson, Juliet Greub, Ruth Henderson, Edith Nickerson, Adabelle Sutton, and Susie Pierson.

The girls turn out twice a week on the High School court, and Mr. Rittler supervises the practice. Several games, besides those with various grammar schools in Alameda, are scheduled to be played this fall, for many challenges have been received and some accepted. The girls will probably play for practice games the following teams: Miss Ransom's School, Miss Head's School, and all the Grammar Schools of Alameda, which will lead to the league games with Fremont High, Oakland High, Oakland Polytechnic, and Berkeley High.

—SUSIE F. PIERSON, Manager.

IN spite of the fact that daily practice occupied much of the girls' time, their rowing proved beneficial both mentally and physically, as eight, out of the fourteen members of the crew were on the Honor Roll.

The members of the first crew were:

Starboard.		Port.	
Priscilla Krusi,	Stroke	Marguerite Hahn	Stroke
Phoebe Winslow.....	Str. 5	Jennie Gutter	Pt. 5
Bessie Goodwin	" 4	Caroline Borkman	" 4
Alrica Jamison	" 3	Ingrid Moe	" 3
Gertrude Lurvey	" 2	Mildred Maurer	" 2
Eugenia Hauch	" 1	Beatrice Braute	" 1
Coxswain	Helen Sanford		
Pilot	Carol Higby		

Owing to the rehearsals for the High School Elks' Show, in which many of the girls participated, these two crews did not turn out for practice for several weeks, but now all three crews have been reorganized and are practicing faithfully once a week.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown by the rowing girls this term. Enough girls signified an interest in rowing to form three crews, each crew electing its own captain and various other officers. The first crew was made up of members of last term's victorious crews. An invitation to take part in the regatta on Lake Merritt on Columbus Day being received, it was decided to enter only one crew from this school, so the first crew was chosen. The girls raised



A. H. S. ROWING CREW

enough money by a sandwich sale to induce Mr. Meyers, instructor in rowing at Goat Island, to coach them.

In the race they showed grit and determination, and exhibited splendid team work, but the stroke was too short and the race was lost to California and Fremont. However, their losses have not discouraged them, and they expect to accept many challenges next term, and to carry off the honors. The crew wishes to thank Mr. Phelps, Mr. Rittler, and the boys who helped them in painting the boat.

—PRISCILLA KRUSI, Manager.

Tennis

BOYS' TENNIS.

Tennis, up to last term, had been rather a dead issue among the fellows in Alameda High. At that time a team was sent to the Stanford Interscholastic to represent us, which it did most creditably. Now, since we have had the benefit of an Athletic Director, tennis has been given a stimulus for a successful year in 1915. With the coming of Mr. Rittler, regular turn-outs were held and an interclass meet which brought much new talent. Next year, with better facilities and equipment, and with the co-operation of those interested in the sport, I hope to have tennis put on a higher plane than has ever been before attained.

—COLTMAN SHEPERD, Captain-elect.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

For the first time in the history of Alameda High the girls are turning out for tennis as a school sport. Tennis proves fair to become very popular among the "gentle sex." Although the movement was started late, a number of girls have responded. For the remainder of the term turn-outs are to be held at the various parks. Next term we hope to play other schools, and hope to win!

Those who have signed up, so far, are:

Anita Purcell
Verena Ford
Frances Sparks
Dorothy Ludovici
Maybelle Maclinkis
Melba Tessard
Bernice Christopher
Marion Martine
Marion Stack
Gladys Nobmann
Martha Hyde
Ruth Jackson
A. Martine

E. Rowe
C. Brandt
Eleanor Sharpstein
Bernice Fisher
Amy Gottfried
Mabel Behneman
Leata Hobson
Hazel Knight
Annie McKinney
Florita von Mandersheid
Helen Rounds
Elizabeth Westover
Henrietta Hodges



By the Class in H. J. Chemistry.

Friends, schoolmates, teachers, lend me your ears,
For I come to gossip, not to study.
The horrid things men say live after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Chemistry.

The teacher hath told you Chemistry is a useful thing;
If this be so, it is a grievous fault,
And grievously I always answered it.
Here, under leave of the teacher and the rest,
For he surely is an honorable man;
(These teachers all are honorable men,)
Come I to speak about the Chemistry.

The teachers are our friends, faithful and just to us,
Yet they all do say Chemistry is most useful.
They have taught many pupils, good and bad,
Whose "4" upon their card hath made them sigh;
Did this make Chemistry useful? O my friends,
We put forth our best efforts and are told
That study should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet the teacher hath said this course is useful,
And the teachers are all honorable men.
You all did hear last Friday, how in class,
We thrice explained the same experiment
Which he did thrice refuse.
Yet Mr. Teacher hath said that it is useful,
And sure he is an honorable man.
We speak not to disprove what he hath said,
But here we are to tell you what we do know:
Chemistry is difficult, most difficult.
Yet we do study it, not without cause;
To graduate we must display a credit;

It is required by the authorities.
O Judgment, thou art flown to senseless ones,
And Profs. have lost their reason. Bear with us,
Our hearts have turned against this Chemistry course,
And we must pause, till they come back to us.

One on Charlie.

"Charlie Oof" (beginning the hair cut)—Have you heard
the story about the man that—(resuming business)—
want it short, sir?

M. Clark—Yes; a mere synopsis will do!

Odor of Sanctity.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell of
fish?

Johnny—I carried home the Sunday-school magazine, and
the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale.

St. Peter—What was your business on earth?

Applicant—Editor of "The Acorn."

St. Peter—Pick out your harp.

Will Vaughan—Caesar must have been some lefty pitcher
in his day!

L. Feader—What makes you think that?

William—It says in the book that he used his left wing to
great advantage in the final battle.

Parcel Post.

R. W.—Talk about low postage rates. I saw 300 pounds
go for a two-cent stamp.

F. Terry—Yes? How's that?

R. W.—Rudolph Buben was sent to the post-office

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She—Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper.

Ryan—Sure. That's what I came after.

F. Sheldon (to Soph)—Say, how do you find the product of two numbers?

L. Mears—Why, you add, of course.

M. Meyers—What's the matter with that pie?

G. Bradley—It isn't fit for a pig, and I'm not going to eat it.

George Meyer (meeting Douglas Osborn, who is making his third trip up stairs)—Why, Douglas, are you exercising or has your mind gone back on you?"

D. Osborn—No, but my class teacher said all students must go up these stairs and down the others. I haven't any studies up stairs, you know, so I'm doing it now.

R. Eubanks—What's tomorrow's Latin lesson?

Leader—What were you doing when I assigned it?

R. Eubanks—I was listening to something else you were saying.

Shorthand in Private Classes

Picture to yourself a small group of students deeply interested in the fascinating study of shorthand, with the encouraging help of a thorough, efficient and willing instructor.

There prevails an atmosphere of courtesy and mutual helpfulness, the surroundings are refined with abundant light and good ventilation.

The progress is rapid. The students learn eagerly. Questions are asked with a full sense of freedom and answered cheerfully by the interested instructor.

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own practical, intimate knowledge of business, who has actual high-speed knowledge of shorthand and typewriting.

Only the Pitman and Gregg systems of shorthand are taught, for they are the only systems used widely throughout the English-speaking world. This means that no matter what city a stenographer may move to, she writes a system of which her employer knows and which is a recommendation of her ability.

For the better results and greater efficiency of the work, these day private classes are limited to young ladies only.

These are our methods and their success is demonstrated by a record of over fourteen successful years and verified by many graduates holding responsible positions in prominent banks, civil service, state and federal offices, business firms and corporations of high standing.



The Ilsen Shorthand Institute

529 Twelfth Street :: Oakland, Cal.

(Elevator 1121 Washington St.)



Captain Ganser stood in front of the A. H. S. cadets, and lifting his sword cried, "Remember that on the field of battle a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest," and every one knows where that is."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Sweeney, saluting, "it's in the ammunition wagon."

Sweet Young Thing—Snookie, was I the only girl you ever kissed?

Snooky—Yes, dear.

Sweet Young Thing—I thought so.

Tiny—As I gazed into your eyes the blue of the sky faded.

Martha—And as I looked at you, the grass seemed less green.

Grace—I suppose if you should meet some pretty young girl you would cease to care for me."

"Bud"—What nonsense you talk! What do I care for youth or beauty? You suit me all right.

Teacher (in English)—What does the next mean? "Doth Brutus bootless kneel?"

Voice—It means his shoes were off.

It Requires Study.

Teacher—What does paragraph 847 deal with?

V. Gohn—Match making.

L. R.—Weston told me a long story last night.

Betty—Is he an interesting story teller?

L. R.—I should say—he held his audience from start to finish.

First Student—Lend me your eraser, will you?

Second Student—It is a kneaded eraser.

First Student—I would not ask for it if it were not needed.

Grace—Mildred, I am very sorry to hear that you have refused young "Joe Reno," after all the time he spent with you."

"Millie"—Yes, Grace, but that is all he did spend.

Kissing.

It isn't so much that she wouldn't, but she hates you to think that she would.

Berlin—Why do you sleep with your watch under your pillow?

Buben—Oh, that's so I can sleep overtime.

On Shipboard.

First Old Friend—Hullo, old chap, how are you?

Second Old Friend—First class; how are you?

First Old Friend—Steerage.

Dangerous.

Addie C.—You're running a great risk when you put so much powder on your face.

"Dot" S.—Running a risk! What do you mean?

Addie C.—Well, when a smile lights up your face.

Dorothy D.—Hello, what have you got there?

Leah C.—Fly paper.

Dorothy D.—Aw, quit your kiddin', flies can't read.

"Goffer" Smith (musingly)—A good kind of a Jew to get along with is an Ice-Cream "Cohen".



The above set of capitals was written by one of our penmen, merely to show skill and proficiency. HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE provides for its students the best of everything in business education. Take your training in the school that has set the standard for over fifty years. Don't be misled by exaggerated statements made by irresponsible people connected with inferior schools. GET A HEALD EDUCATION, a training that means something. VISITORS WELCOME. ENTER ANY TIME. SAN PABLO AVE., AT 16TH ST.

Alma—Did that young man kiss you last night?
B. Jorgenson—Why, Alma, do you suppose he came all the way to Alameda to hear me sing?

Picture "Ollie" in a barber's chair,
Picture the barber cutting his hair.
Picture the look upon his face,
Picture the hair all over the place;
Picture Jackson's furniture man
Hauling the hair away in a van.
Picture the mattresses sold next day—
(Ten seconds and out!)

Haskins—"Swede" Smith swallowed a dime and a quarter yesterday.

Hoiman—How is he now?

Haskins—Oh, no change.

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MARTIN ASTIZ

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Oh! You-5-10-15!

"Pot" Baker—Everwear hosiery at this counter?

Saleslady—None of your business! Exit "Pot" (blushing).

Nellie C.—I was so confused that I do not remember how many times he kissed me.

Leah W.—What? And the thing going on right under your nose.

Ethel Rowe—How long did you study your English?

Isabel—The last part of the fourth period.

Ethel R.—How long was that?

Isabel—Forty minutes.

New Book at the Library.

"Love at First Sight," by L. Sweeney.

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C. Goodwin—No; but you can taste it.

Who Is It?

We never laugh at teacher's jokes,
For lack of a point to see;
We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
Because **it's policy.**

R. Walden—There's a proverb that fits every man.

A. Combs—What one fits me?

Romie—To whom God gives office he also gives brains.

A. Combs—But I have no office.

Romie—Well?

D. Duveneck—You're crying.

M. Farrington—I'm not. I'm singing!

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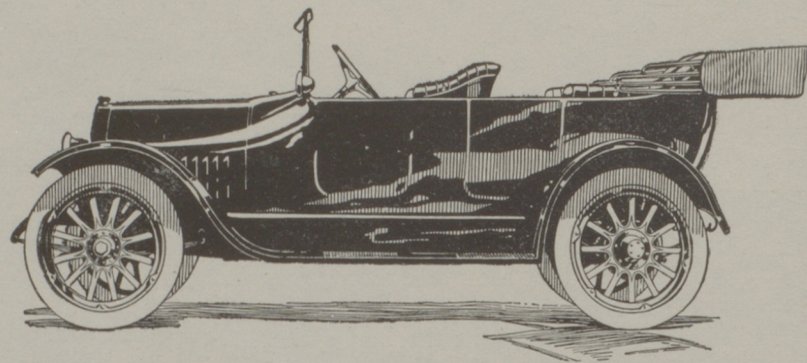


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Bates—I hope you have a pleasant vacation and come back knowing more than you do now.

Asche—Same to you.

Lillian to Sam—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, sitting up until half past eight playing solitaire? Where you get your taste for gambling, I don't know.

D. Deardorf—Will there be any class in room 6 next period?

L. Walden—I'll be there.

S. Terry—I had my picture taken.

K. Corsen—Have you got the proofs?

S. Terry—No; you'll have to take my word for it.

Helen Sanford—I don't see how the Freshmen keep those little yellow hats on.

H. Knowles—Vacuum pressure.

PLEASE MENTION "THE ACORN"

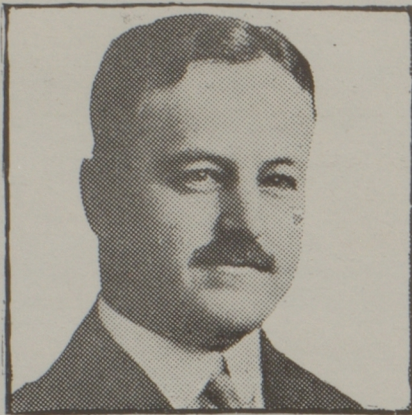
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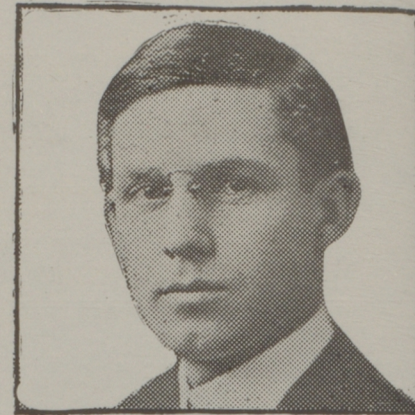
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N. Quill—Clasping me in his arms, he murmured: "At last; the time, the place, the girl."

M. Leonard—And was there anything lacking?

N. Quill—Yes, a witness.

Norman—Who can tell me of two famous men who were boys together?

Vera Halcrow—I can. The Siamese twins.

A. Feader—The sun is slowly rising and the old man's hair is gray.

V. Schouten—I'll bet the old man's hair is gray, because his son won't rise faster.

A. Ward—What made Vulcan lame?

J. Brown—He slipped on a thunder peal.

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The new college building is of the modified Mission style of Architecture, and is of reinforced concrete and steel construction. It will be fitted and furnished throughout along the most modern and practical lines. Every comfort and convenience of the student will be provided for, and the highest standards in all commercial and stenographic work will be maintained.

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Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,—
!!!!!!!!!!!!?????!!!!?—()?????

Teacher (in Soph. French)—Marie, how long did you study your lesson?

M. Bateman—An hour.

Teacher—Did you study in a room where there was no noise?

Marie—Well, there wasn't anybody home.

Teacher—Nobody home. Ideal conditions to study under!

Teacher (discussing meter in L. J. English)—What is a line of three feet, Raymond?

Ray Bromage (dreaming)—A yard.

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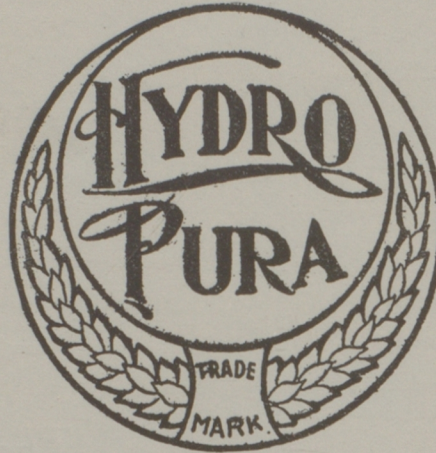
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How do you feel after the pie-sale, Nick?
Nick—Oh, I feel kind of pious.

How many girls would it take to reach from here to Frisco?

Ten, because a Miss is as good as a mile.

Mr. A.—I live down the river a short distance from you.
Miss B.—Well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

"Mitch" Hunt walked into the butcher shop and asked for ten cents worth of dog-meat. "All right, Mitch," said the butcher, "shall I wrap it up or will you eat it here?"

Don—Darling, I could not live without you.
Frances—Why, that's just what papa says!"

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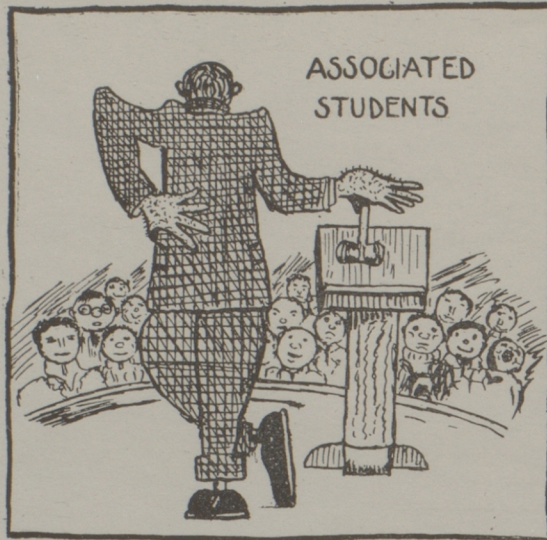
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As Alice Moran and Gus Weeden were coming home one night, he stopped quite awhile in front of her house. As he was leaving, he kissed her hand. She drew herself up haughtily and said, "I am very much surprised that such a respectable young man should aim so low."

M. Henrici—I suppose there are many girls who could make you happier than I could.

E. Spear—That's just the difficulty; they could, but they won't.

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“Rube” Searing (at the bell)—I dunno; I just lost my collar stud, and I was trying to dig this little one out of the wall with my knife.

Little beams of moonshine,
Little hugs and kisses,
Makes a little maiden
Change her name to Mrs.

H. Kahn (to Company B)—Now when you halt on the line, freeze!

Father (sternly)—Young man, can you support a family?

Young Man—I—er—only wanted your daughter.—Ex.

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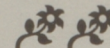
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Oh, Poor Willie!

Willie had been absent from school a whole day, so teacher sent his mother the usual excuse blank to be filled out. When it was returned to her, it held the following excuse: "Dear Teacher: Willie got wet in the a. m. and sick in the p. m."

Farrington—Have you lived here all your life?

Mehan—Not yet.

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Impatient Drummer—So long, I've got to beat it.
Solo Clarionet—I've got to blow myself.

Whitney Spear—How's Clinton avenue?
Hal Davis—It's just as "Noble" as ever.

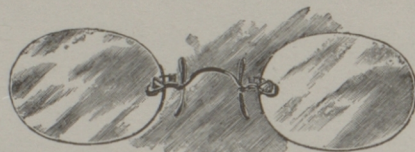
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William Vaughn—It's a man with his insides out, and his
outsides off.

Elsie Hebrank (after singing in the A. H. S. entertain-
ment)—Well, I never thought my voice would fill that great
big hall.

Jeanne Sturtevant—Neither did I. I thought it would
empty it.

Cockroft—I'm only carrying one solid this year.

O. Snider—What's that?

Cockroft—My head.

Martha Hunt—What was the worst storm you ever en-
countered?

M. Brooks—I think it raged at the rate of three hundred
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B. Fisher—Pretty good.

Teacher—I'm tempted to give you another ex this week.
Townsend (from rear of room)—Yield not to temptation.

"Gus" Weeden (the eminent chemist)—I wonder if this waterproof ink has any effect on litmus paper? Say, fellows, look! It turns it black."

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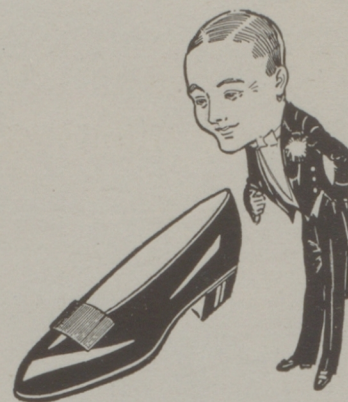
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Mater—Young man, I must decline to listen. Why, Martha is only a child!

"I know that," said resolute Tiny, "but I thought I would come early and avoid the rush."

"I see Dot Davis has her hand in a sling. Reckless driving, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not of her machine."

"No? Of what, then?"

"Nail."

A Russian Business.

Latham was in a restaurant.

"Are you a German?" asked the waiter.

No, but I'm Hungary," replied Latham. "That amounts to the same thing."

"I cannot Serbia," said the waiter.

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J. Hall—I don't have to,—he's a bay.

Heading.

Whatever troubles Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a joke,
"I've heard that thing before."

He—Your hair is dyed.
She—'Tis false.
He—I know that, too.

Teacher (reading in English)—"What is so rare as a day
in June——"

E. Hauch—A Chinaman with whiskers.

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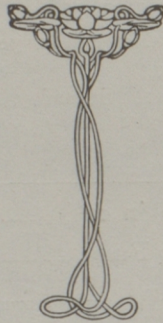
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	\$ 1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund	\$ 177,868.71
Deposits June 30th, 1914.....	\$55,798,917.48
Total Assets	\$58,656,635.13

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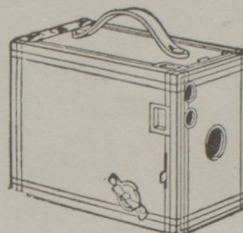
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"Oh, Sam, I see you have been making friends with our new dog. How does he like you?"

"Well," said Terry, grimly. "He hasn't quite decided yet. He has had only one bite of me so far, but he seems to want another."

"Did you drink hot water an hour before each meal, and how did you feel?"

"Sorry, Doctor," answered Nash; "I tried hard, but I had to stop too soon. I drank for hardly half that time, and I felt like a balloon."

Neal wanted to propose to a young lady, but he didn't know just how to go about it. He took her for a walk in the cemetery. Coming to a large tomb, he said: "Priscilla, my dear, all my folks are buried here. Wouldn't you like to be buried here, too?"

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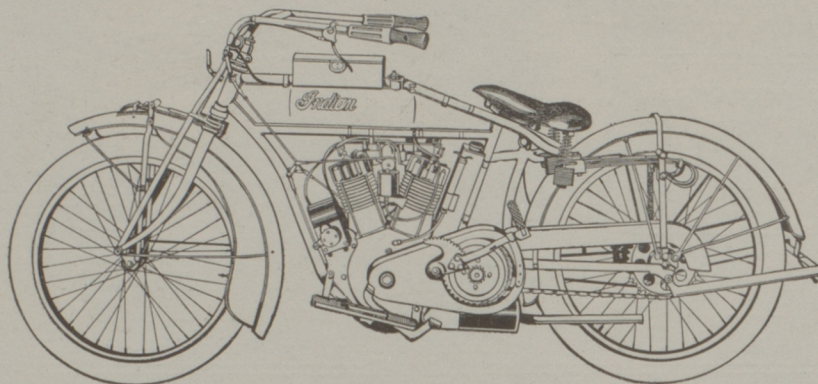
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Durney—Why are Oakland baseball fans like acorns?

Pearson—I dunno, why?

Durney—Because they're nuts on the Oaks..

Innocent Freshie (to F. Miles, before vaudeville show)—
Are you going to be a baby doll, too?

Marion Farrington, at the end of first half of football
game—This is the end of the first round, isn't it?

Holden—I thought you loved a light-haired girl last year?

Wilcox—I did, but she dyed.

Pearson—Do you think I can do anything with my voice?

Von Schmidt—It might come in handy in case of fire.

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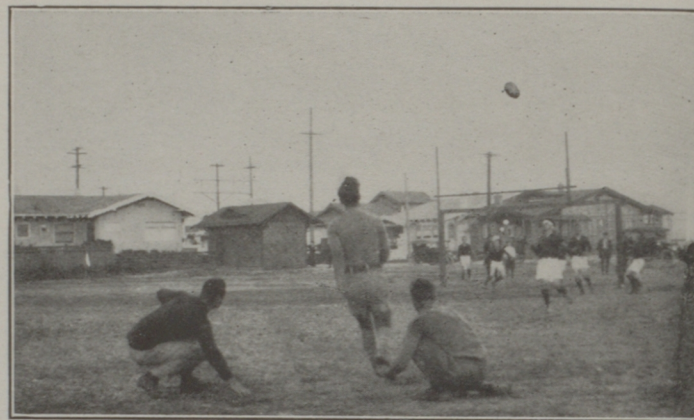
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"Say," said Brown to Zobel, "you told me that young Jake drank like a fish."

"So he does."

"But I have it on the best authority that he never touches a drop of liquor."

"Well, neither does a fish."

Ken. Lynch—What's the difference between betting and bluffing?

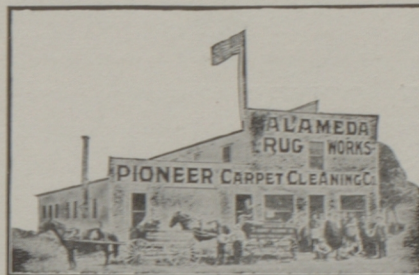
Dessauer—A good deal.

Wanted—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes in a hotel.

B. Braue—Why do they say that the ghost walks on pay day?

B. Stafford—Because that's the day our spirits rise.

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R. Adams—I want a Ford, please.

Grace B.—Would you marry a girl if she were as pretty
as a picture?

Bud L.—Yes, if she had a good frame.

Young and Enthusiastic Teacher (to class in English)—
Tomorrow we shall take the life of Thackeray. Come pre-
pared.

(Who Is It)?

Never, O never
Another can be
So gentle, so kind,
So noble, as he.

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Lamborn (in Physics)—What substances do not contract when heated?

G. Traphagen—Bismuth and alimony.

Teacher (in Senior History)—Miss Ives, can you answer that?

Doris—Well, during Monroe's administration in 1814, William Jennings Bryan wrote many interesting articles.

Quick, get the monkey-wrench; H. Westbrook is a nut.

Brown—Even animals show their gratitude. Yesterday I saw a calf drowning in the creek. The mother cow was standing near lowing pitifully. I jumped in and pulled the calf out of the water. The cow showed her gratitude by licking me all over.

"Ken" Lynch—That wasn't gratitude. The cow thought she had twins.

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M. Maurer—Yes, they are going to put a fence around the school.

L. Corde—Why?

M. Maurer—Oh, so the trees won't leave.

Teacher—What's the difference between a negotiable instrument and a surgical instrument?

"Rollie"—None—both used to obtain money.

Slam!!

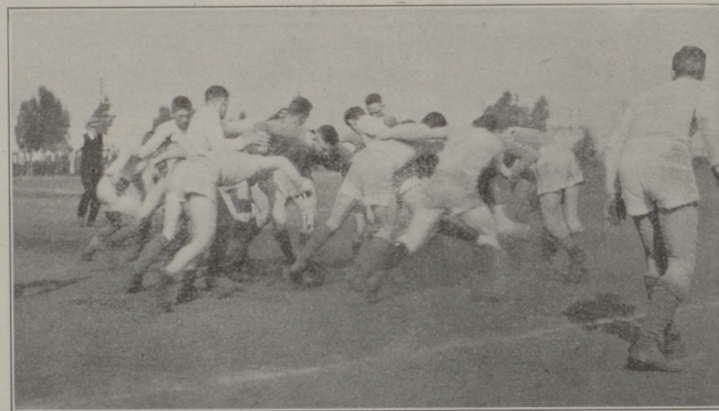
Rudolph N.—Buben, I always thought nature was a wonderful thing till I got a good slant at you.

First Flea—Been on a vacation?

Second Flea—No, on a tramp.

Volberg—Have you read "Freckles"?

L. Rimmel—Oh, no; that's my veil.



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“Yes”?

She (still more cautiously)—If you knew I would say
“Yes,” would you propose?

M. Brown (at a dance)—I’m looking for the Wink girl,
who are you looking for?

E. Corde—I’m looking for the Ashe man.

Baker, Sr.—My son, these are better cigars than I can
afford.

Baker, Jr.—That’s all right, father; take all you want;
this is on me.

Jake—How many bristles on a pig’s face?

Hardin—Oh, I don’t know.

Jake—You don’t know? Why, count them!

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Teacher (translating in Latin)—Boy, tell me where is thy horse?

Gus Weeden (waking up)—Why, it's in my desk. I wasn't using it.

Cuneo—The old Greek climbed the mountain and the magnetic attraction for the nails in his shoes was so great, he stuck there and died.

Dexter—I thought they wore sandals in those days?

Cuneo—I'm telling this story.

Hinck—Here is a story and a poem by the same person. Which shall we publish?

Clarke—The story, by all means.

Hinck—Have you read it?

Clarke—No, but I read the poem.

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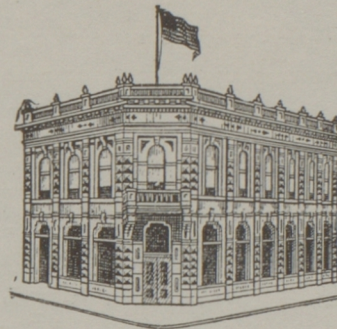
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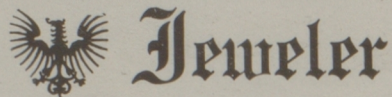
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V. Griffiths—For the best man.

F. Warford—Hang it, why didn't you vote for me?

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Most things when bought go to the buyer, but coal goes to the cellar.

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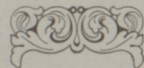
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Harold—Emma, there are thirty-two teeth in the human head.

E. Paulsmeir—How many teeth have you?

Harold—I have twenty-eight.

E. Paulsmeir—Why, you're almost human, aren't you?

The bluffs are steep and wide and high,
That line St. Gothard's pass;
But nothing like the awful bluffs
Carl Hulin makes in class.

Teacher (quoting from elaborate imagery at an Elks' Lodge of Sorrow)—"Death, the great hunter, has roamed through the fields of life and taken from us three fine bucks."
DiVecchio (interrupting in excitement)—Only allowed two in California.

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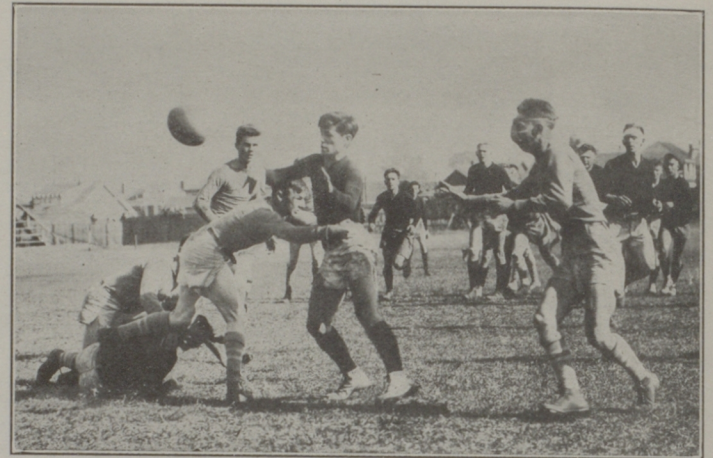


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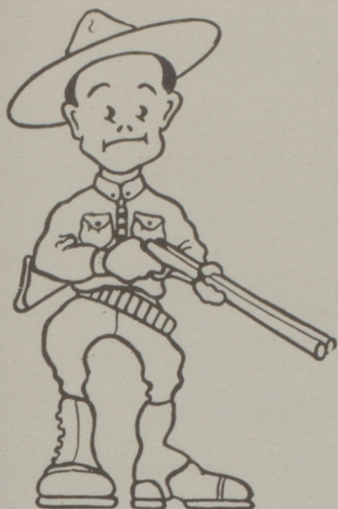
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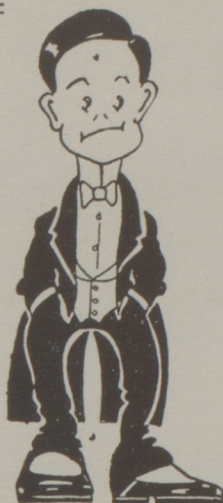


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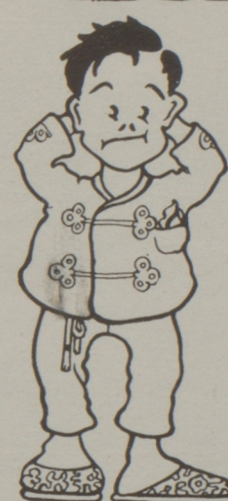
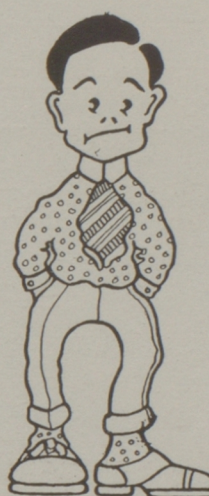
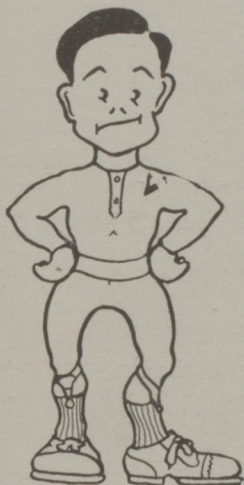
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Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum,
Girlibus likibus wantoe someorum,
Dadibus hearibus loud smackorum,
Kickibus boyibus outoe the doorum.

Shep—Do you ever dream of me, Isabel?
Isabel—Yes, I dreamt of you two nights in succession,
and the third——”
Shep (softly)—Yes, and on the third——
Isabel—I took some sleeping tablets.

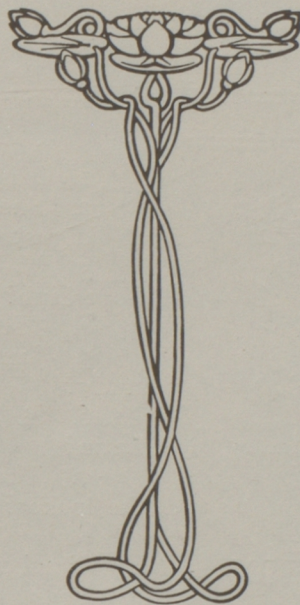
Spencer Schmidt (who has become a missionary to the
Cannibal Isle)—I have always wondered what became of my
predecessor.

Cannibal Chief (licking his lips)—Oh, he has gone into
the interior.

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LOUIS SCHEELINE

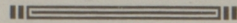
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2. Snooky sat in the front seat in the student meeting on August 28?
3. V. Younger spends a great deal of her time at the Boat Club?
4. "Seniors Day" didn't prove a great success?
5. Janet Brown doesn't dare to speak to Merrill in sixth study?
6. R. Eubanks and Bee Braue went on with third-year Latin?
7. Thelma Martinoni takes so long to put her books in the locker?

Teacher—How many times have I told you to keep still when you are in this room?

Percy—I can't; I'm a figetarian.

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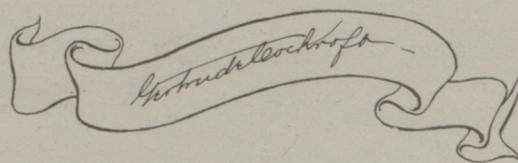
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